

# The Grail

## A National Popular Eucharistic Monthly

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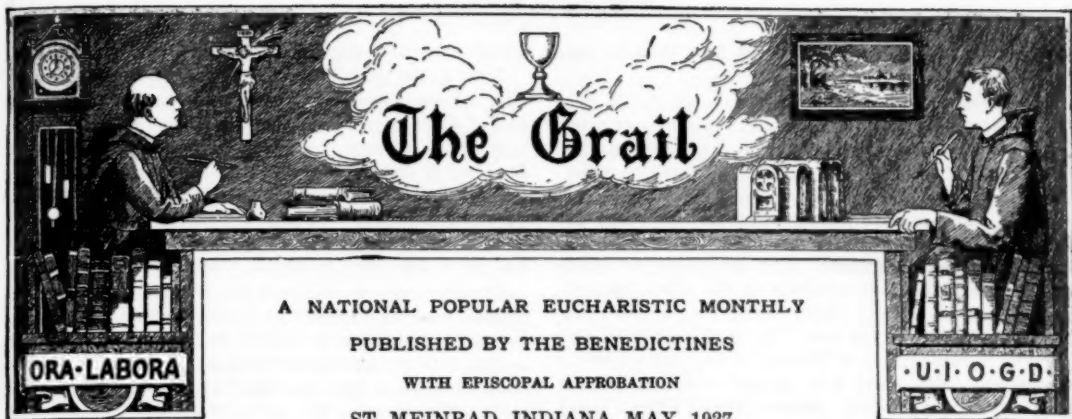
#### THE ASCENSION

"While they looked on, he was raised up: and a cloud received him out of their sight."—Acts 1:9.

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Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

## Dedication

Each year with the month of May we turn the first leaf of a new volume of THE GRAIL. As in former years, so again this year, we place our little monthly at the feet of Mary to ask the continuation of her loving protection. May she obtain from her Divine Son for this new volume, even as for its predecessors, the special benediction to scatter blessings whithersoever it goes. And not only for THE GRAIL do we beg this favor at the hands of our Compassionate Mother, but we beseech her also to obtain the blessing of heaven for all our readers, friends, contributors, and other benefactors. "Nos cum Prole pia benedicat Virgo Maria!" invocation of the Church in which the blessing of Jesus and Mary is invoked upon us: May the Virgin Mary with her loving Son bestow a blessing upon us.

## May

The two principal feasts that occur in May are the Solemnity of St. Joseph on the 4th and the Ascension of the Savior, a holy day of obligation, on the 26th. This latter feast is preceded by the three Rogation Days, days of asking or petition, which the Church has set aside for invoking the blessing of God upon the fields and the growing crops. In Catholic communities, where it can be done, processions are held out-of-doors with the chanting of the litany of All Saints. At St. Meinrad, for instance, the procession wends its way to the little stone chapel of Our Lady on "Monte Cassino," which is about a mile and a half distant. Several of the near-by parishes also make pilgrimages to the same revered spot.

## The Month of Mary

We hasten to do homage to Our Blessed Mother throughout the month of May. No other creature is so worthy of honor as she. Since we cannot pay our tribute of honor to the Mother without at the same time honoring Him for whose sake she is thus exalted, we

ought to sing her glory, chant her praises, and beg her powerful intercession with her Divine Son. This is why the Church has instituted so many feasts of Mary; this is why we devote May and October to her; this is why we recite the rosary, the litany, the angelus, the office, and a multitude of other prayers, sing hymns and hold devotions in private and in public to pay our debt of love to her. The Church has understood the prophecy to which Mary gave utterance in the "Magnificat"—"Henceforward shall all nations call me blessed." A devout child of Mary will not, cannot, be lost.

## Even the Flowers Bless God

In May Mother Nature dons a mantle of green, which she decks with innumerable blossoms of rich and rarest hue. To Mother Mary she presents the choicest flowers, which, censerlike, swung by acolyte breezes, offer sweet-smelling incense at the altar-throne of the loving Queen of May. Thus, the bright flowers, which gladden the earth, touched with brilliant colors that only a Master's Hand could impart, by their beauty and delicate odors obediently do the bidding of Him who made them and give glory to their God. But all earthly beauty is transient, and passes quickly away—it is a mere reflection of the eternal beauty of God. If we admire the beauties in nature, and they transport us with delight, let us lift up our gaze a little higher—to the Source whence all true beauty comes.

## The Month of Prayer for Vocations

Very appropriately has the month of Mary been singled out as a month of special prayer for the purpose of obtaining from God, through the intercession of Mary, vocations to the religious state and to the priesthood. From the very beginning of its existence the Blessed Mother bestowed her maternal care and solicitude upon the infant Church, of which Christ, her Divine Son, is the corner stone. As Mother of the Savior, whose mission it was to bring salvation to all men, Mary has ever had the spiritual welfare of mankind at

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heart, and she is not less solicitous now than in ages gone by.

The present need of many more vocations is very great. Because of innumerable evil influences at work, the times in which we live are unfavorable and unpromising. Multitudes are rushing pell-mell to perdition. Indecency and immorality in almost every conceivable shape and form, in word and in deed, are shamelessly displayed in the windows of shops, on billboards, and on the streets; unclean speech is broadcast from all sides; the output of the press—papers, magazines, and novels, carry filthy messages that tarnish the purity of the soul. To these should be added: the scanty attire of women, a fruitful source of temptation; the dance hall, where virtue is put on trial; the movies, with pictures that often teach crime or arouse the animal in man; the automobile, so often a vehicle of sin and crime; high wages and short hours; the public schools, colleges, and universities, in which our young people are imbued with false principles by atheistic teachers. These are a few of the contributing causes that undermine society and threaten to bring to ruin a race that is in hot pursuit of riches and pleasure.

Is there no antidote for warding off the impending ruin; no guidepost to warn the reckless driver of the dangerous curve ahead? Yes, religion, the application of religious principles, is the remedy. But there is no God, says the world, no immortal soul, no hereafter. The ancients had many gods and believed these fables. We know better in this enlightened age. Long ago the Psalmist wrote, "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." Blinded by unbridled passions, the sinner and the worldling deny the existence of God, but a hundred million times a hundred million denials cannot change one iota of the truth. Religious teachers are needed to cope with unbelief and bring mankind back to God, who wills that men should be saved through the ministry of such of their fellow men as He has chosen for that purpose. "To-day, if you shall hear His voice," the call to the priesthood or to the religious state, "harden not your hearts," turn not a deaf ear to that heavenly call, but answer, "Behold! Here I am," Lord, I am ready to do Thy bidding.

High and holy, indeed, is the calling to the priesthood. It is a sacred calling in which man approaches nigh unto God Himself. The priesthood is the most exalted office that can be conferred upon man. It is a dignity with corresponding powers that exceeds that of the angelic choirs. The angels surround the throne of God and sing His praises, but the priest, though still in the flesh, exercises in behalf of his fellow men the very powers of God. By his selection and setting apart from the rest of men, and by his ordination, the priest really becomes a man of God, a "dispenser of the mysteries of God," as St. Paul says. In virtue of the sacred office that is entrusted to him, the priest makes new conquests for the kingdom of heaven, especially in the regenerating waters of baptism, by the power of the keys in the sacrament of penance, by administering the Bread of Life to hungry souls, and by breaking the

bread of sound doctrine to all who truly seek God.

Next to the priesthood is the vocation to the religious life. When a priest is at the same time a member of one of the orders or congregations that have the sanction of the Church, he is also a religious. Moreover, for the boy or the young man there is likewise the calling to serve God in religion as a teaching brother, a nurse in the hospital, or a lay brother. By prayer and good example the religious not only sanctifies himself but he is able also to obtain many graces for others.

Vocations are waiting too for the girl or the young woman who feels within herself a desire to consecrate herself to the service of God in religion. Numerous orders with the various particular objects of their foundation extend to her an urgent invitation to join their ranks. To the one, the contemplative life appeals; to another, the active life and the contemplative combined have an attraction. Teaching, nursing the sick, caring for the orphan and for the aged, serving on the missions at home and abroad, are several of the many works undertaken and sanctified by religion.

A vocation to the priesthood or to the religious state is a special mark of the benevolence and the goodness of God. Vocations should be encouraged and fostered. Signs of vocation should be cherished. No obstacle should ever be placed in the way to hinder the carrying out of the designs of God as manifested in a religious or priestly vocation. Many are the bitter tears that have been shed, alas! too late, by foolish parents, and other meddling relatives and friends, who have lived to regret the folly of frustrating a vocation in the boy or the girl that did not turn out well in later life and possibly even fell away from the faith, and in some few instances even became persecutors of the Church—a Robespierre, for example, a rabid persecutor of the Church during the French Revolution in France, who had once felt the call of God to the higher life. Without a doubt this tool of the evil one unintentionally helped many souls to heaven—by the guillotine, and thus gave to the Church a great throng of martyrs. In this case a doting mother brought a religious vocation to nought with disastrous consequences.

Keen was the disappointment among the Jews of old if a marriage remained childless, for great was their desire that God might choose from their family the promised Redeemer. Now that the Savior has come among men how great should not the desire of every devout Catholic family be that God would deign to take from their midst one or more members to perpetuate the priesthood of Christ and carry on the work of the Redemption!

Catholic parents ought, then, to consider it a special honor, and look upon it as a signal mark of divine favor, if one or more of their children should be selected to be "other Christs," the anointed of the Lord, to bring salvation to their fellow men. There can be no doubt that the benediction of Heaven rests upon a family so blessed. Take, for example, the pious parents of St. Therese of the Child Jesus, familiarly known as the "Little Flower," who prayed God to give them a large family that each child born to them might be devoted



to His service. You know the result. Every one of their children that grew to maturity consecrated themselves to God in religion, and of these, the "flower of the family," has not only been transplanted to the gardens of paradise by the Divine Gardener, but the Church has raised her to an exalted position among the canonized saints. Not only was she the pet of the family, and the favorite of heaven, but she has become the confidante of every race and tongue and tribe the world over. Catholic parents, look to your laurels. Possibly there is hidden in your little flock another flower that is meant by Him, who sows the good seed, to bloom in the garden of the Church and by the fragrant odors of its virtue and good works draw souls to Him. Do not, under any circumstance, say "nay" to God, if He whispers secretly into the ear of one of your dear ones: "Come, follow me." Rejoice rather, and be glad that you should be so favored.

May Our Blessed Mother help many during this month of prayer to find the particular state of life to which God calls them. Those who follow their vocation faithfully can be sure that God will give them the special help they need to fulfill all the duties of their state. "To-day, if you shall hear His voice, harden not your hearts."

### *Hearing Mass by Radio*

In a letter that lies before us, the writer asks what we think about hearing Mass by radio. The inquiry was not made as to whether one might satisfy his obligation of "hearing" Mass on Sundays and Holy Days of Obligation, for that is entirely out of the question, as every Catholic knows from his catechism.

The creature that we call man is made up of body and soul. Therefore, the whole man—body and soul united—must worship God. The mere presence of body, with no attention of mind to the Holy Sacrifice—the mind being entirely occupied with other affairs, is not sufficient; much less will presence of mind suffice with absence of body, in so far as that may be possible.

"There is a difference of opinion in our family circle," the letter continues. "M. thinks that one should listen with the same devotion and silence and prayerful attention that one does in the church. I do not agree." Various reasons are then given that make such attention impracticable. Then again, "Non-Catholics (who happen to be present) can't see the wisdom or consistency of bowing the knees and the head, making the sign of the cross, and kneeling before the radio, where you get jazz one minute, old dance tunes another, and Henry selling overalls and prunes at another.... Radio is something that cannot be controlled. During the most sacred parts of the Mass there is just as apt to be a whistle and a howl that is often ludicrous."

"Hearing" Mass over the radio may be a source of great comfort and consolation to invalids and other shut-ins, who are unable to go to church. Such persons assuredly may derive great benefit from attending in spirit the Mass which they are enabled to follow part for part. Union by wireless with the priest offering the Sacrifice is more intimate because one, so to say,

feels the nearness to, and the presence of, the priest at the altar, which would be impossible without the medium of the radio. While one is not able thereby to satisfy the obligation of attending Mass, he can under favorable circumstances gratify his piety and devotion.

### *Sustained by the Holy Eucharist*

We read in the lives of the canonized saints and also in the lives of other holy persons of the past, notably of Blessed Nicholas of Flue, in Switzerland, that by the Providence of God their sole nourishment for years was the Bread of Angels—the Holy Eucharist alone. Dom Francis Izard, O. S. B., writing to the London *Universe* (March 4, 1927), assures us that the Belgian stigmatic, Louise Lateau, from whose stigmata blood flowed on 800 consecutive Fridays, that from the year 1871 to August 25, 1883, a period of twelve years, "she took neither food nor drink, living solely on the Blessed Sacrament, carried to her each morning by the Abbé Niels, the worthy Curé of Bois d'Haine."

In a letter from a priest, which Dom Izard has in his possession, he mentions another peculiar characteristic from the life of this saintly virgin, one that reminds us strongly of another stigmatic, Anne Catherine Emmerick. When she was in her Friday ecstasy, during which the stigmatic wounds bled, it was ascertained (1) "that an unblest medal, held near her, produced no effect; (2) that a medal, exactly similar, but blessed, made her smile sweetly; (3) that a relic drew her after it as a magnet draws steel after it, and also made her smile, and this after she was unconscious of all around her, and could not be made to feel any pain, however acute."

### *Steps to the Altar*

DOM HUGH G. BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

#### *5 From Depths Divine*

The curvèd compass of the sea,  
Which as a cheek the full-moon kissed,  
No ripple knew; the wind had whist  
And deepest hush held all the lea.

But newly come unto the beach  
Young Dennis stood there in amaze,  
With deep'ning night deep'ning his gaze,  
As if the faintest star to reach.

He thought of Him Who launched that flood  
And anchored it with potent might,  
To mirror every beam of light,  
From circling stars in rhythmic mood.

And thus the deep brought down to earth  
The very heavens—symbol rare  
Of all the love that Christ did bear  
Mankind by taking human birth.

Then lo! the wind blew towards the strand  
From o'er the deep one silent wave—  
Till its white crystal crest did lave  
The marge and broke in Dennis' hand.

# On Picket Duty

*Illusions—Objections—Obstructions to a Vocation*

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

WHEN the St. Joseph base ball nine met again for practice, Larry Clark had a bit of news to break.

"What do you think, fellers! Joey Hern is going to the monastery!"

"Well, for the love of Pete, what next!"

"It's a downright shame!" blurted out Harry Dye in his blustering way, which was familiar to all. "Going to join the lazy monks! Well, *I will!* He's too good a scout to bury himself in the walls of a monastery! We've got to do something to keep him out! That's what I call *roping in, proselytism!* It's about time such things were stopped."

At heart Joey's other companions were more in sympathy with him, for all admired his sterling qualities, but human respect prevented them from speaking their mind in the presence of the bully. Inwardly, Larry resented this language very much. He felt that Father Gilbert should know how the boys felt about the matter.

"I see," exclaimed the priest, casting a stern look at the lad before him, "you boys are on picket duty."

"I don't know what you mean, Father," responded Larry while he winced somewhat.

"You know that during a strike a committee of union men stands on guard to intercept non-union workers and to persuade and urge them not to accept a job from the employer in question. That is picketing. Now under certain conditions this procedure may be lawful. In the spiritual order it is never permissible."

"We didn't do anything like that, Father."

"You didn't? Look here, Larry. From a spiritual point of view the world is practically always on a strike. As soon as some generous soul proposes to enter whole-heartedly the Lord's field of service, whether that field be likened to an industrial plant or to a ball diamond, pickets are on the spot to prevent that person from signing up with the Lord. All sorts of objections are raised and specious arguments are advanced for the sole purpose of keeping him from becoming a strike-breaker. If the efforts fail, the poor youth is dubbed a scab and treated as such. You ball players evidently made a start at this kind of picketing in the case of Joey Hern. Now, this matter is too sacred and too personal to be threshed out in public as you have done."

"Father, most of us didn't do much. We just listened. We didn't know what to answer when Harry Dye gave us that dope on 'the lazy monks' and the other things I mentioned."

In the meantime Father Gilbert walked over to his bookcase and from the top shelf he took down an old tome which he said was the work of the famous French Benedictine historian, Mabillon. After a hurried glance over the pages, he began to read: 'Was it idleness to pray and to devote one's self to God's service; to give to the world an example of detachment and of virtue; to cultivate deserts and to till and embellish lands reputed uninhabitable; to create resources for thousands of families; to teach the youth gratuitously; to extend all kinds of succor throughout the country; to undertake and complete immense works; to offer a retreat to repentance, a refuge to misfortune, and to innocence; to exercise a sweet and affectionate hospitality; to satisfy the spiritual and temporal needs of an abandoned population? Could a life that implied such labors be deemed idle though it was stigmatized as something infamous by the preachers of the new religion who desolated Europe in the sixteenth century?'

Somewhat surprised, Larry asked: "Did the monks do all that, Father?"

"Indeed they did, and much more too," was the priest's firm reply. "They were the civilizers of a great portion of Europe by transforming savage races into cultured peoples. They founded cities and built beautiful edifices, hospitals, and colleges; they made roads and drainages; they laid out plantations and above all they procured the happiness of the people. They were called the poets, the musicians, and the agriculturists of the day. Their missionary labors, too, prove that they were not men who sought peace by idleness. Just take the seventh and eighth centuries when so much of benighted Europe received the light of faith: behold the monk missionaries in Spain, Gaul, Britain, Germany, and the Scandinavian countries; follow them later on into Hungary, Sardinia, and Poland."

"Can I help you, Father?" asked Larry when Father Gilbert paused for a moment. The piercing look and knitted brow of the priest showed that he was trying to find something.

"Yes, there it is," replied Father Gilbert

with some relief. "It's the book I just got a few days ago on 'Christian Monasticism,' by the Protestant Hannah. Read to me what he says in the second last paragraph of the chapter on the 'Monk as a Missioner.'"

"It was mainly by members of religious orders," read Larry, "that the bounds of Christendom were extended both in ancient and recent times. Indeed from the Council of Chalcedon (451) to well into the eighteenth century they had something of a monopoly in the noble work. . . . Benedictine, Franciscan, Jesuit, each in turn, in his own way."

"You see," the priest continued, "that is quite an acknowledgment, coming, as it does, from a non-Catholic. In fact the normal and traditional type of monk is far from that of a slug-gard but rather that of a man 'paratus ad omnia—prepared for all things,' that is, a man of God and of the Church, ready to serve the Church in all her needs. Hence, if Harry Dye knew past and current history, he would refrain from the use of the opprobrious term 'lazy monks.' I wish he could witness the presentation of the monastic motion picture, I might call it, which is now shown in France. He might change his mind."

The boy, opening his eyes wide, almost leaped up whilst he cried: "Sure enough, a motion picture on things like these, Father!"

"Yes, a motion picture. A film has been produced by a member of a religious order with religious as actors. The object is to make known to the general public the life, labors, prayers, and services of those who follow the religious life. So you see the persons responsible for this film have turned to the movies to correct a false public opinion concerning the mission and services of the members of religious orders. The film is 8200 feet long and its showing takes two and one half hours. Each of the principal religious orders in France occupies a place of honor in this film. This is an answer of the French religious to the oft expressed query of Catholics and non-Catholics: 'We should like to know what you do behind the walls of your convents.'"

"Father, I should sure be glad to see that picture myself."

"Well, some day maybe we shall have a

similar treat in this country. Larry, you have heard of the grave of the unknown soldier?"

"Oh yes, where everybody was placing a wreath a year or two ago?"

"That's it. But do you know that recently a city of Europe erected a statue to an unknown monk?"

"No, Father, surely not."

"The city of Budapest in Hungary did so to Hungary's first historian who is known to have been a monk and whose name is said to have begun with the letter P. The other facts of his life have not been recorded. Hungary does not consider him a lazy monk."

"What could Harry Dye have meant with that jaw-breaker, 'proselytism,' that he used?"

"You may be sure that's not his own. Some one else used it. But I know what he meant. He wished to infer that Joey was coaxed into his good resolution. Now, whilst undue pressure is never to be exerted on the minds of others in the matter of vocation, it is not only a privilege but even a duty of those in charge of the young to place before them for their own consideration Christ's ideal of the counsel as proposed in the Gospel. St. Thomas, one of the most learned doctors of the Church, teaches expressly that 'those who induce others to enter religion not only do not sin, but merit a great reward.' On the other hand, he who interferes with a true vocation to the higher life cannot be excused from sin."

"But to one of Harry Dye's objections we all had to say, 'Amen.'"

"What was it?"

"He said that we need good scouts in the world, too."

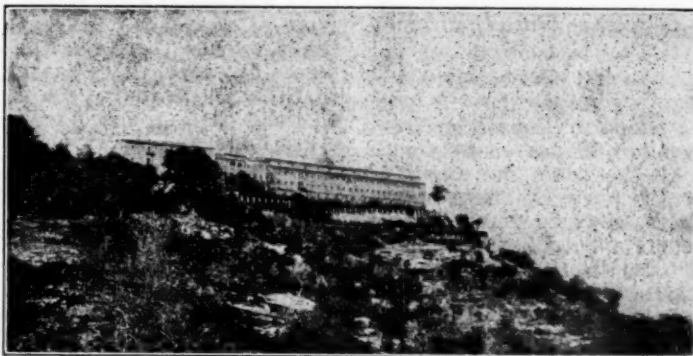
"Yes, but are you so certain that the boys or girls who have received a vocation to the religious life would be such good scouts in the world if they paid no attention to the call from on high? Will they not be the best scouts when they respond to grace?"

"I don't doubt it in the least. You can be sure I won't do any more picketing. But I must be going, Father."

"Very well, Larry. Give my words a thought now and then."

"I will, Father."

As day was drawing to a close Father



ARCHABBEY OF MONTE CASSINO  
CRADLE OF THE ORDER OF SAINT BENEDICT



Gilbert noticed from the window of his study that a woman was making for the rectory at a quick, nervous gait. He son sensed what the next half hour would mean and began to hum in a high key: "Pick-ets, pick-ets!"

"Father, I want you to talk to Joey," said the visitor all in a flutter.

"Why? Does Joey need a talking to?"

"I say he does. You know he has gotten the notion into his head of leaving us and of joining the same order to which Father Benignus belongs."

"Yes, and—?"

"I can't give him up. And he is not going either, if I can help it."

"Why not, Mrs. Hern?"

"He is *my* boy and he has *no right* to leave me."

"Yes, he is your boy. There is no doubt about it. God entrusted him to your charge and He will demand him at your hands some day. If you depended on him entirely for your support, he would have to provide for you, even though he had ever so great a desire to become a religious. But since, in your case, such dependence is entirely out of the question, you must not step in between God and your child. Your opposition to your son's vocation is selfish and your love for him is misguided. 'Dorothy Dix,' of daily press fame, comments on a mother who tries to interfere in the promising marriage of her son. She says: 'Such a mother has no real affection for him. She loves only herself and is willing to ruin his life in order to gratify her monopolistic desire to have him to herself.' The words of this woman of the world are by far more true in regard to a religious vocation. If you truly loved your son, you would want him to acquire the greatest possible degree of happiness in heaven and to select the adequate means in this life to attain to that height of bliss. Our Lord foresaw such objections as yours when He said: 'A man's enemies shall be they of his own household. . . . He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me.'"

"I know, Father, but I can't brook the idea of separation."

"You will suffer a temporary separation from your son only to have him the more surely with you in eternity. All the while the might of his prayers will be with you; his affection will be with you and will only grow and become more intense and more spiritual. In your old days he will be your pride and your joy. You will then feel that you have been amply repaid for the sacrifice you are now making. Besides, you never know what may happen to your son as a very consequence of your opposition. Death may snatch him from you suddenly and then you must give him up anyway whether you will

or no. What is worse, a life far from edifying may follow in the wake of this remonstrance. How shocking is the example of the French revolutionist Robespierre."

"I don't think I have ever heard of him."

"Would to God that no one had never known his name nor his deeds. For your own benefit I must tell you his story. As a young man he was fired with noble ambition and manly enthusiasm for religious leadership. He felt the divine call and wanted to enter the Carthusian Order. But his worldly-minded mother dissuaded him. She mapped out a worldly career that finally terminated with his total degradation as a monster of inhuman cruelty. It is said that he was the chief instigator of the French Revolution of 1789. He became the leader in the Reign of Terror in 1793 and was finally executed. Oh how much human blood might have remained unshed had only this one mother encouraged and fostered, rather than blocked, the religious vocation of her unhappy son!"

"Father, you frighten me. Never would I want such a thing to happen to my son. But I just can't help myself," she sobbed, bursting into tears.

"Why not," suggested Father Gilbert, "follow the noble example set by that thrice-blessed English woman, Mrs. Vaughan, who was accustomed, as we read, to spend an hour each evening from five to six before the tabernacle, fervently imploring God to give her loved ones the precious graces of priestly and religious vocations and to employ them as instruments for the promotion of His honor and glory. Her prayer was answered. Of her thirteen children eleven consecrated themselves to the higher life. Six of her eight sons became priests (one of these was made a cardinal and two others bishops); every one of her five daughters embraced the religious life. And, by the way, here is another example little nearer home. Not long ago the white veil was given to a young lady of the Cleveland diocese whose vocation was the fruit of prayer on the part of her parents. When twenty years ago the child was in the throes of death, these parents bargained with God that if He spared the infant its life, they on their part promised to kneel at her crib every night and say two 'Hail Marys' that she might become a sister. Their bargain was accepted and their prayer won as this recent ceremony in Ohio proves."

"But, Father, you know yourself that religious are so reckless of their health."

"Whilst the candidates for the religious life should of course be in possession of ordinarily good health, free from any disease that might hamper them in religion, neither the religious nor their relatives need be in constant torture as to the future state of their



health. God will provide. If an early death is His decree, His holy will be done. But I dare say that religious unconsciously have more regard for their health than a great many people in the world, especially those whose motto seems to be: 'Whatsoever you do have a good time, always, everywhere, and in every possible manner.' Experience proves that religious, not in spite of, but rather on account of, their little austerities and their regular mode of life, are, generally speaking more hale and hearty than people living outside the cloistral walls. St. Bonaventure (d. 1274) puts this truth thus: 'The monks in their cloister, in consequence of their temperate and austere life, generally live to a great age.' As an example of present day conditions we may take the monastery of Einsiedeln in Switzerland. The average span of life allotted to the monks in this famous monastery is about sixty-four years, almost double that of the states in the world. Of course, climate and local conditions will vary this average. While these facts will never form the motive for entering religion, they may satisfy an anxious mother like you."

"But, Father, just think how comfortable Joey could be at home."

"Earthly comfort is not the thing that can fill the human heart but rather something that is spurned by a mind blessed with higher aspirations. Perhaps you noticed the item carried by the Catholic newspapers not long ago, telling us how a Dominican Sister in Newark, N. J., refused a third part of a two-million-dollar inheritance in order to remain loyal to her vocation. She replied in all simplicity: 'My heavenly Father is richer by far than my own father and my reward shall be greater. My life is consecrated to God and material things of the world do not interest me.'"

"Why, Father, they could save their souls in the world too."

"Your opposition certainly dies hard. But you are probably playing your last trump. No one denies the possibility of saving one's soul in the world. But, granting this, does God wish your son to save his soul exposed to the temptations of the world? Great is the number of those who lose their soul in the world. Many of these would certainly have been saved had they obeyed an evident call to religious life. On the other hand, there are, no doubt, among religious such as will work out their salvation only because they were responsive to their call. Their disposition may be of such a type that they would find it most difficult to cope with the dangers of the world. In religion they are surer of more means of grace and generally of fewer temptations."

"I see, Father, that you have no sympathy with a poor mother."

"You are badly mistaken, Mrs. Hern, I do sympathize with you most deeply, but my sympathy must be in keeping with the law of God. I know you are called upon to make a sacrifice, but you can make it a sweet sacrifice. Listen to the words Bishop Schrembs addressed a few months ago to a group of mothers of newly professed spouses of Christ: 'Weep not for them but reserve your tears for those who need them. And if tears must be shed, let them be tears of joy and gratitude to God that He has deigned to reach into your home circle to draw a soul so closely to Himself, into the company of His elect, to a life of purity and holiness.'"

"Well, Father, I was going to stop in just a moment and now it is fully half an hour. I forgot all about the folks who have been waiting in the car at the corner all this time."

"Mrs. Hern, drop in at the church just a moment and place your sacrifice with generous heart into the Lord's hands and peace and calm will come over you."

When the door had closed, Father Gilbert heaved a sigh of relief and wondered what might come next. After supper he was again musing at his desk when the door bell sent forth a vigorous clang. "Oh, it's you, Joey. Come in," was the cheerful greeting of the priest. "I presume you are making arrangements for your farewell."

"The path is not altogether clear, Father," Joey replied with some hesitation.

"What!" cried Father Gilbert, taken quite aback, "thou too, Brutus? I knew that you were beset on all sides by pickets but I didn't think that you would weaken under their fire."

"Pickets! Father. oh! yes! I understand. My difficulty is this: the folks are all upset over my resolution. I am not certain that I shall persevere. I think in the face of these circumstances I ought to wait."

"Joey, I quoted to your mother the words of our Lord about loving father or mother 'more than Me.' I think our Lord had your case in mind too when He told the man of the Gospel: 'Let the dead bury the dead.' This man had been invited by Christ to follow Him, but he excused himself saying: 'Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father.' Your desire to wait is opposed by the Savior's words in the second case."

"Another man said to Christ: 'I will follow Thee, Lord; but let me first take my leave of them that are at my house.' Jesus replied to him: 'No man putting his hand to the plow and looking back is fit for the kingdom of heaven.' Don't worry about your mother. She will be reconciled in time as I told her. Let St. John Chrysostom answer your fear of not persevering. He tells young people not to be frightened

(Continued on page 23)

# Orphan Stella

From the French of Louise Hautières, by E. R.

## CHAPTER 7

### MME. DE LUSSEY ADOPTS STELLA

"ON my arrival in Vienna I found the whole city in mourning. It was the day after the defeat of Ladowa. The streets were deserted. Silence and sorrow reigned alone. I applied at some agencies for employment, but without success. My foreign appearance and accent excited suspicion. They evidently took me for a spy. Seeing that I could expect nothing from these dejected people, I resolved to go elsewhere, but the remembrance of my little Stella, ill and alone among strangers, came so persistently before my mind that I determined to return to Montenegro.

"On my way back I stopped a night at Agram, an Austrian village. A band of traveling musicians, Hungarian gypsies, were staying there. They were renowned for their musical skill. With only the violin and a small instrument, formed of cords placed horizontally on boards, which was struck with small flexible hammers, they produced the sweetest melodies you can imagine. In fact I was so captivated I remained there three days.

"One night I was present at their concert and overheard one of them saying to the other that they were going on to France. As he spoke in good Italian, I addressed him eagerly, saying: 'Are you going to France? Oh how I envy you!'

"'Would you like to go in my place?' he enquired.

"'In your place? Why, I have no more music in me than this walking stick!'

"'That makes no difference. I am only secretary and accountant. Any honest man could fulfil my functions. Speak to the chief, he is most accommodating and easy to please. I hope he may consent, as I have no mind to go to France, especially as my dear old mother is drawing near her end and has no one in the world to close her eyes, save myself. So even if you had not turned up so opportunely, I was determined not to remain with these gypsies.'

"Following the advice of the young Hungarian, I went at once to the chief, and, after a long talk, was enrolled that evening as secretary to the 'Spinnelli Band.' The leader, an Italian, was delighted to have a companion with whom he could converse freely in his native tongue, the only one *he* considered harmonious and musical. I took advantage of his friendliness

to speak to him of Stella and how anxious I was to have her with me.

"'How old is she?' he asked.

"'Between seven and eight, but small for her age.'

"'Could I see her?'

"'At present she is at Cettigne, but I can go and fetch her, if you can spare me a few days.'

"'Very well, but don't disappoint me.'

"I left Agram an altered man. My one idea now was to lead an honest and respectable life, worthy of the child I loved so dearly, and to see her grow up, beautiful, rich, an honor to society and looking up to me as her devoted father. Thus building castles in the air I hastened on and in a few days arrived at Montenegro. The kind old couple had more than kept their promise. I found Stella quite recovered, bright and gay, but alas, she had not grown one inch taller. So frail and delicate did she appear, it seemed as if a breath could blow her away. She was delighted to see me and almost smothered me with kisses. I thanked her good friends as best I could and started on our return journey to Croatia with my darling child.

"She was received by the gypsies with enthusiasm. Each one wanted her for himself, and she really was so pretty, winning, and graceful, it was not surprising that she gained all hearts. Though sweet and amiable with all, her love was kept for me, and she could not bear to be separated from me.

"A few days later we set out for France, giving concerts at the different towns on our way, to defray our expenses. At Vienna, Munich, Stuttgart, crowds flocked to hear us, so that we arrived at Paris with our purse well filled and could put up at one of the best hotels.

"The great exhibition of 1868 had just opened. Our success exceeded all our expectations, and our financial receipts were most satisfactory. 'Have you heard the gypsies?' resounded on all sides, and our reputation brought us each day new admirers.

"Stella made herself useful all around. Her beauty, grace of figure and charming little ways added much to our success; but, alas, a dark black cloud hung over her, and that cloud was myself.

"In the midst of all this feverish excitement and constant round of pleasure and dissipation, I had yielded to the temptation of gambling and wine. The amount of gold that passed daily through my hands so completely turned my

head that in a few weeks I lost in Paris all the wisdom and good intentions that my former misfortunes had taught me. I had, in addition, the ill luck to fall into the clutches of that vile class of men, who are, alas, to be found in all great cities, without truth, honor, or conscience, whose trade is to make dupes of the unfortunate beings who fall under their sway, and I awoke one day from my intoxication to find myself alone, ill, robbed of all I possessed, a wreck of my former self, in a low tavern, abandoned by all. This terrible blow proved my salvation. I realized the precipice over which I had fallen and the shock restored me to reason. Filled with shame and confusion, I made my way to the hotel where the gypsies had been staying and discovered to my astonishment that they were gone.

"What had become of Stella? Had she remained behind? If so, where was she? I ran about like a lunatic, in all directions, seeking her, but in vain. Wild with anxiety and remorse I went from place to place, inquiring of all whom I met, if they had seen my Stella, but my weebegone countenance and incoherent speech led them to believe that I was either a fool or a madman, so they only laughed in my face and went their way.

"One evening, completely heartbroken and worn out by hunger and fatigue, I wandered down, almost through force of habit, to the Quai d'Oreay. Leaning against the parapet, I buried my face in my hands and exclaimed aloud, in the anguish of my soul, 'Oh I wish I was dead!'

"Dead! and why?" whispered a small voice by my side that sent a thrill of unspeakable joy through my frame, and, before I could say a word, two little arms were round my neck and I was nearly smothered with kisses.

"It was Stella, my darling little Stella. I pressed her to my poor broken heart, but the joy was so great I felt my senses failing, and dropped down on the bench near us, holding her hand in mine, unable to speak. When I had rallied a bit, she told me her story. The gypsies had entreated her to go with them, but she refused. France should be her home forevermore. Day after day she had wandered about the streets in search of me, but in vain.

"My darling child," I said when she had finished her story, let us thank God that we are once again united. But, alas! I am a beggar. A villain, a false friend has ruined me and robbed me of everything. I have nothing left but my watch and chain, which I will sell today."

"But, Dada, let us take courage. We can work."

"Work, my pet! I cannot work now. I am good for nothing."

"Then I will work for both of us. I am quite old enough now to gain my living. While going about Paris, searching for you, I have noticed how curious the people are and how greedy of novelties. If you agree, we can satisfy them."

"I was astounded to hear such language from so young a child. It showed extraordinary strength of character.

"And what would you do, my darling?" I asked, pressing her to my heart.

"Do you remember how I used to coil myself up at night in the small square box I used as a cradle? Well, just make me one like it, and I will hide inside and suddenly appear to the astonished gaze of these foolish Parisians. It will be a grand success, you'll see. We'll make a lot of money."

"But you were very small then. To shut you up now in so tight a case would be cruel. I dare not risk it."

"Oh, don't be afraid. I have practiced the trick and can do it now quite easily. It won't hurt me."

"Forced by our sad circumstances, I yielded, and for the past two years we have journeyed from place to place, living on the fruits of her sufferings. But it is time that it should cease. I see that it is killing her. And were it not for the starvation that stared us in the face, I would have ended it long ago.

"In the eyes of the crowd I may have appeared cruel to Stella, but God Who sees my heart, and you, Madam, who are now acquainted with my life's history, can understand the depth of my love for this dear child. I am old and feeble. No one in the world troubles about the smuggler, the mountebank. She alone loves me. I leave you to imagine then what her loss means to me? My heart is breaking at the very thought of this long separation. Yet, I feel my life is drawing to its close, hers is only about to begin. It would be unpardonable egoism on my part to place an obstacle to her future happiness, and would draw down upon my head the malediction of Heaven and of men. Be then,

(Continued on page 39)

## A Garland for Holy Mary

ELIZABETH VOSS

Oh, lovely Mary in her warmth of love  
Is like the glowing beauty of the rose;  
And in her holy innocence we see  
The artless daisy's sweet serene repose.  
The gentle violet's humility,  
The gold daffodil's entrancing grace,  
The fragrant lily's snowy purity,  
Shine forth resplendent from her radiant face.



# Benedictines and Revision of Vulgate

LEON A. MCNEILL

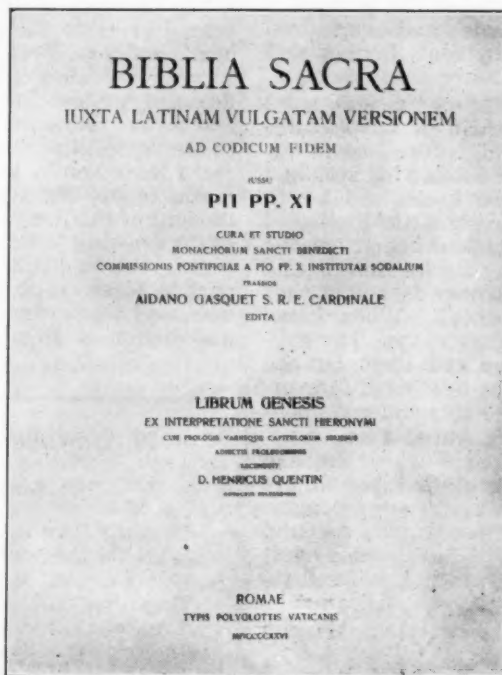
**T**HIS article sketches briefly the history of the Latin Vulgate Version of Holy Scripture, and gives an account of the Clementine Vulgate now under revision by a Pontifical Commission of Benedictine Monks. This revision is the most extensive project of textual criticism yet undertaken in the field of Spiritual study, and its completion will restore to the Church a Latin edition of the inspired books, containing the genuine text of St. Jerome as nearly as it can be determined at this time. The progress of the work is being eagerly followed by biblical scholars throughout the world, and all lovers of the sacred writings are praying for its speedy and felicitous accomplishment.

On the desk before me lies a remarkable volume, on the back of which appear the words, *Biblia Sacra I Genesis*. This volume contains the Latin Vulgate text of Genesis, the first book of the Holy Bible, as revised in more than a thousand different places by the Pontifical Commission of Benedictine monks, entrusted with the restoration of the genuine text of St. Jerome. About fifty Benedictine monks have, during the past twenty years, cooperated in the production of this volume. It is the first unit of a study which, when finished, will stand as one of the most elaborate and exhaustive masterpieces of scholarship in the history of the world. This volume, dedicated to Pope Pius XI, was presented to His Holiness in June of 1926 by His Eminence Aidan Cardinal Gasquet, President of the Pontifical Commission for Revision of the Vulgate. The Pope, highly gratified with the progress of the important work of revision, addressed a special letter, dated November 10, 1926, to Dom Henry Quentin, O. S. B., editor of the

revised text of the first eight books of the Bible, congratulating him and his collaborators upon the satisfactory completion of the work on Genesis, and commending the painstaking study which the Commission is making. Early this year the Commission coined a special medal, representing Cardinal Gasquet in the act of offering the volume of Genesis to Pope Pius XI. In order to understand the nature and significance of the work of revision of the Latin Vulgate, it will be necessary to sketch the history of the versions of the Bible. This will be followed by a more detailed account of the present revision, together with a brief description of the contents of the volume which we have been considering.

Almost all of the forty-four books (forty-six, if Lamentations and Baruch are counted as distinct from Jeremiah) of the Old Testament were originally written in Hebrew. A few passages and several complete books were written in Aramaic, while Wisdom and II Machabees were written in Greek. By 130 B. C., the entire canon of the Old Testament had been translated into the ordinary

vernacular Greek, this version being made for the most part in Egypt, most likely at Alexandria. Several other Greek versions of the Old Testament appeared in the early Christian centuries, chief of which were those of Aquila (about 130 A. D.), of Thodotian at about the same time, and of Symmachus (180-192). The twenty-seven books of the New Testament were all written in the vernacular Greek of the time, the 'lingua franca' of the early ages of Christianity, with the exception of St. Matthew's Gospel, which "was translated into Greek at such an early date and by such competent hands, that its Greek text is for all



TITLE PAGE—BOOK OF GENESIS—REVISED EDITION



practical purposes the equivalent of its primary Aramaic."

Latin versions of both Testaments began to appear before the close of the second century, in order to accommodate the needs of the rapidly increasing body of Christians, many of whom were not acquainted with the Greek. That there were a number of Latin translations of the Holy Scriptures in the early ages seems to be well established. As St. Augustine says, "The writers who translated from Hebrew into Greek can be counted; not so those who translated into Latin. For in the early ages of faith, whenever a Greek codex came into a person's hands and he fancied he had a sufficient knowledge of two languages to do so, he ventured to make a translation." The terms 'Itala' and 'Vetus Itala' are sometimes intended to embrace the entire group of pre-Vulgate Latin versions of Holy Scripture, but either term, correctly understood, designates only the text of St. Augustine's preference and excludes the Old Latin readings which he rejected.

Let us now speak of the life and work of St. Jerome, who produced the Latin text of the Scriptures which was later to be known as the Vulgate, to be officially declared authentic by the Council of Trent, and which is now being restored to its original state as nearly as this can be done by the Pontifical Commission of Benedictines. St. Jerome was born about the year 340 at Stridon, a border town of Dalmatia and Pannonia. He went to Rome for his education about 360 and was there baptized by Pope Liberius. In 372 he set out for the East, arriving at Antioch in the summer of 373. From 374 to 379 he led an ascetical life in the desert of Chalcis southwest of Antioch, giving himself over not only to the practice of penance but also to the study of Hebrew and Greek. Returning to Antioch in 379-80, he was ordained priest and shortly thereafter he went to Constantinople to attend the biblical lectures of St. Gregory Nazianzen. In 382 he was summoned to Rome by Pope Damasus and commissioned to correct the Latin New Testament by the Greek. "Only early manuscripts," he wrote in his preface, "have been used. But to avoid any great divergencies from the Latin which we are accustomed to read, I have used my pen with some restraint; and, whilst I have corrected

such passages as seemed to convey a different meaning, I have allowed the rest to remain as they were." This Old Latin text of the New Testament, revised by St. Jerome according to the available evidence of early Greek manuscripts, and made by express commission of the then reigning Pontiff, became the New Testament text of the Latin Vulgate.

St. Jerome made two revisions of the Latin Psalter, and one translation of the Psalter from the original Hebrew. In 383 he revised the Psalter cursorily according to the Septuagint, which revision became known as the Roman Psalter. The second revision was made according to the Septuagint text given in Origen's Hexapla. (The Hexapla is a critical study of the Hebrew original and of the best current Greek versions of the Old Testament, made at Alexandria by Origen [185-254] in an attempt to restore the Septuagint text to its pristine purity. The texts of the various editions used were drawn up in six parallel columns—hence the name, 'Hexapla.') This revision, prepared at Bethlehem in 388, is known as the Gallican Psalter, and is embodied in the present Vulgate text. About the year 390 St. Jerome translated the Psalter into Latin from the original Hebrew.

St. Jerome made several attempts to revise the current text of the remaining books of the Old Testament by recurring to the Greek Septuagint, but he gradually became convinced that the Septuagint was a hopeless standard and determined to go 'to the fountain-head.' From the year 390 to the year 404 he translated most of the remaining books of the Old Testament from the Hebrew and the Chaldaic. This version, although a private and unofficial work of the renowned biblical scholar, was gradually accepted as the best Latin text, and was embodied in the Vulgate. St. Jerome did not translate Baruch, Ecclesiastes, Wisdom, I and II Machabees, and these were taken up into the Vulgate in their unrevised Old Latin form.

Although it is admitted that the Vulgate of St. Jerome contains a number of inaccuracies, inexact readings, and even positive errors, it is beyond question the very best Latin text of Holy Scripture which the centuries of Christian tradition have given to us, and, furthermore, it is substantially in accord with the original inspired books, and must, since the Council of



H. E. AIDAN CARDINAL GASQUET, O. S. B.  
PRESIDENT OF THE BIBLICAL COMMISSION

Trent, be accepted as the officially authentic Latin edition of the sacred books. Breen sums up his estimate of St. Jerome's Vulgate in these words, "The world has been studying languages, studying the Scriptures, thinking and writing for a decade and a half of centuries since Jerome lived, and it is not strange that in a few cases some slight betterment could now be wrought in his translation, but, considering the time and the circumstances in which it was done, the translation of Jerome will ever remain one of the great works of man."

The old and the new versions now existed side by side, one affecting the other. Those acquainted with older Latin readings would write in the margin of the new version the text of passages to which they were accustomed, and vice versa. This practice could not but be a fruitful source of textual corruption. The version of St. Jerome gradually superseded the Old Latin versions, and, since the sixth or seventh century, has been generally adopted throughout the Latin Church. It soon inherited from the older versions the title of 'Vulgate,' that is, version in 'common' use. As manuscripts multiplied and as the text became more corrupted, it became evident that some attempt should be made to reestablish the genuine text of St. Jerome from the numerous variant readings.

About the year 800 Alcuin made the most important Middle-Age revision of the Vulgate for Emperor Charlemagne. This revision gave rise to the group of Bibles known as the Alcuinian, among which is the Codex Vallicellianus. About 1089 Lanfranc made another revision, and about fifty years later appeared the revision of St. Stephen Harding, Abbot of Citeaux. Hugh of St. Victor (d. 1140) says of the text at his time, "It has come about by a perverse usage, since different ones follow different translations, that both (the old and the new versions) are now so mixed that no man knows what is proper to each text."

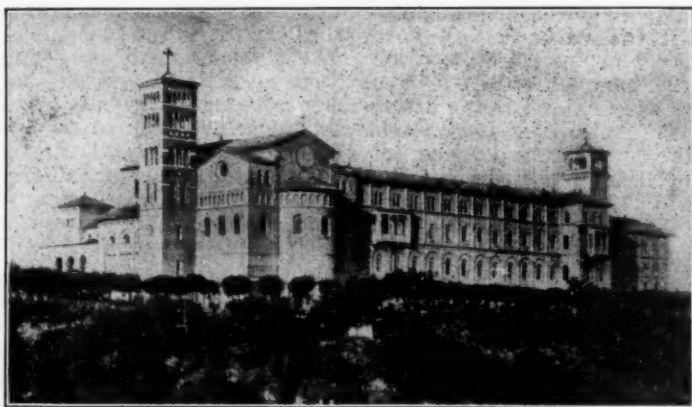
In the beginning of the thirteenth century the newly founded University of Paris selected a particular Alcuinian text, which had been vitiated by passage through the hands of a great number of copy-

ists, and made this text the basis of its lectures. It was divided into chapters and quite widely disseminated. Theologians who had occasion to make use of this text did not scruple to correct it in many places, some endeavoring to restore the text of St. Jerome, others to revise St. Jerome's work in accord with the Hebrew and the Septuagint. At least a dozen families of correctories arose in this way, but the more important ones may be reduced to two classes: the Dominican and the Franciscan Correctories. The introduction of printing in the first half of the fifteenth century was followed by one hundred twenty-four editions of the Latin Bible within a space of fifty years. This sudden multiplication of the various texts had a bad effect by increasing the confusion of the variant Vulgate readings, but a good effect by bringing the discrepancies into clearer light. The already bad state of affairs was further intensified by the flooding of Europe with MSS. after the fall and sack of Constantinople in 1453, by the general renaissance, by the irreverence of nascent Protestantism for the traditional Vulgate text, and by the prevailing rash methods of textual criticism. We shall pass over the occasional attempts at further revision and come to the time of the Council of Trent.

In the session held on the 17th of March, 1546, the Fathers of Trent scored four crying abuses in regard to Holy Scripture: the variety of circulating texts, great corruption of printed editions, perverse principles of interpretation and reckless propagation of the Bible. To remedy the first of these abuses, the Council in its fourth general session, April 8, 1546, declared that "haec ipsa vetus et Vulgata editio, quae longo tot saeculorum usu in ipsa Ecclesia probata est," (this old and Vulgate [common] edition, which has been approved by the long use of so many centuries in the

Church) should be held as authentic. To remedy the second abuse, the Holy Father was petitioned to order a correction of the Vulgate text according to the testimony of the best MSS., and also to see that a correct Greek and Hebrew text be provided. The Trident-

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# Eucharistic Memories in Bible Lands

DOM LAMBERT NOLLE, O. S. B.

## ON MOUNT SION

THE most ancient sacrifice prescribed by God for the Israelites was the paschal lamb. Being instituted before the worship of the tabernacle, it had a rite of its own; but when once the temple was dedicated, and the Israelites were ordered to keep the Pasch in the holy city, the offering of the paschal lamb was, as it were, inserted into the solemn rites of the temple, and thus it showed more clearly its character as a sacrifice. As such it belonged to the third kind, viz., to the peace offerings. It will be well to emphasize that the first purpose of peace offerings too was the praise and adoration of God. This is manifested in the sacrifice of the paschal lamb, by the pouring out of the blood in the temple. One might also say that it partook of the character of the sin offerings, inasmuch as at the first Pasch in Egypt the blood was sprinkled on the doorposts of the Israelites, which made them by means of faith and obedience friends of God and saved them from the slaying angel, who inflicted the death penalty on the first born sons of the unredeemed Egyptians.

The peculiar, if secondary, character and rite of the peace offerings consisted in this that not only the priests received a share of the victim's meat, but also that the offerer himself was allowed to partake of it. He was, as it were, treated as the friend and host of God himself in his holy temple. This treatment, of course, supposed in the soul of the offerer the state of friendship with God and a previous cleansing from sin and legal uncleanness by sin offering or some special rites prescribed for the purpose. In most cases the peace offerings were acts of thanksgiving for favors received; consequently the gifts consisted often in fruits of the earth; but animals without blemish were nevertheless the principal victims of peace offerings.

When at his last Pasch on earth our Blessed Savior was eating the paschal lamb with his disciples in the supper room on Mount Sion. He shared in that ancient peace offering which for centuries had been a symbol of His own sacrifice of worship, of atonement, and of peace. For the roasted lamb had already shed its blood for God's glory and the cleansing of the faithful Israelites, and now God had invited his people to the festive banquet to celebrate with joy and thanksgiving the delivery of their fathers

from the slavery of Egypt and the tyranny of Pharaoh. It was not merely an historical and national celebration of a Liberty Day, but the active partaking in a sacrifice; for the father of the family had to provide an unblemished male lamb of one year, (which economically might seem a waste of a valuable young life,) he had to take part in the killing of it in the temple and had to tell in the form of thanksgiving the meaning of the banquet to his family; the victim itself was considered sanctified by the rites of the sanctuary, so that the uncircumcised were not allowed to eat of it.

The particular banquet of the paschal lamb in the supper room on Mount Sion on that memorable Maundy Thursday had an unsurpassed significance for the whole succeeding history of the world. It was the preparation for the institution of a new and most perfect kind of sacrifice, which would surpass all its symbolical shadows by being the most tremendous reality, and which should be offered daily from the rising to the setting of the sun in all places where the faith was established, thus enabling mankind to give adequate glory and thanks to the great God in heaven. After the paschal supper our Blessed Lord consecrated Himself, with previous liturgical thanksgiving, for the first and only time in His life, bread and wine as the sacrifice of His Body and Blood, and charged His Apostles to do the same in memory of Him, and as a representation of His sacrifice on Calvary.

The holy Doctors of the Church have not considered it idle to put to themselves the question, why our Blessed Lord did not chose the paschal lamb which had been the most perfect and comprehensive type of the Old Testament sacrifices, also as the representative victim in the sacrifice of the New Testament. It is not a satisfactory answer to say that bread and wine are more easily procurable in all the different climes of the earth, and especially so by the poor; for the sheep in Palestine live on the poorest fare, dry grass, and their woolen vesture would make them able to stand very cold winters; and if the all-foreseeing Creator had considered lambs the most suitable victims for the New Testament worship, He could easily have provided sufficient animals without taxing too much the means of poor congregations.

There is no doubt that the choice of bread and wine as the elements for the perpetual sacrifice, which Christ has entrusted to His Church,



has good reasons and an important significance. If the first Christians had had to partake in their peace offerings of a lamb, they and their contemporaries would not have fully realized the tremendous difference between Christianity and Jewry, between the fulfilment and the symbol, between the redemption achieved and that merely promised, between the universal worship of God in spirit and in truth and the local and more carnal one on Mount Moriah or Garizim. Bread and wine, as Saint Augustine points out, being the product of the small particles of many grains conflated and joined together, and of the small drops pressed out of many berries of the vine, signify the Church, which, as a body, united in faith, hope, charity, and reverence, by the Eucharistic Sacrifice together with her head, Christ gives supreme honor and glory to God. Each one of the faithful is joined to Christ and His Church by holy baptism, and remains united to them internally, unless he separate himself by mortal sin. All the faithful, thus joined to Christ and to each other by the bond of charity, form that royal priesthood, mentioned by Saint Peter; although for the outward liturgical celebration of the Holy Sacrifice, our Savior provided at the Last Supper as His visible representatives, acting and speaking in His name, mortal priests, so that we should always realize that He alone is the High Priest for ever according to the order of Melchisedech.

The great truth, of our sharing as members of His mystical body in the priesthood of Christ, should have a great bearing upon our attitude towards Holy Mass. Although our Lord had already instituted Holy Mass, He had at his sacrifice on the cross not partakers, but only assistants; because the Church as His bride and mystical body was not constituted until the shedding of His Blood, or as Saint Augustine suggests, by the blood and water out of His side, just as Eve's body had been taken from the side of the first Adam. On the other hand, at the Christian altar He acts as head of the Church, His mystical bride and sacerdotal body. Thus, when we are at Holy Mass, we are not meant to be mere passive or even absent-minded bystanders; no, Holy Church in the Canon of the Mass mentions us to the great God as those "who offer to Thee this sacrifice for themselves and for all that belong to them; for the redemption of their souls, for the hope of their salvation and safety, and who render their vows to thee, the eternal and living God." I am, therefore, during the Eucharistic Sacrifice supposed to follow the intentions of Christ and the mind of the Church; and although no special forms of words and prayers are prescribed, it is more likely that the prayers of the Church's Mass Book express more correctly her

mind and devotion and those of Christ, than words borrowed from a private person. Even so, it is not the words which matter, but the mind contained in them; and if the prayers of the Missal should prove too numerous for us to draw out some acts of personal devotion, we must remember that we are not bound to use all the words of the priest, and that fewer of them may be more pleasing to God, provided they fit in with the principal parts of the Holy Sacrifice.

The truth, that we all belong to the priesthood of Christ, has also an important bearing on Holy Communion. The Holy Eucharist is a peace offering, and Holy Communion is an integral part of that sacrifice, so that the priest would not be allowed to celebrate it, if he did not intend to communicate. We must, therefore, never think of Holy Communion apart from the truth that it is but a part, not even the most important part of Holy Mass, and that it could not exist without the other principal parts of the Mass; but that, on the other hand, our Holy Mass lacks something important if we do not partake of Holy Communion. It is, of course, better to receive Holy Communion outside the Mass than to omit it altogether; but, for the reason stated, this should not be done without a good cause. The ideal way of actively sharing in the sacrifice of Holy Mass will, therefore, in the most natural way also lead to frequent Holy Communion. Here prejudice, or the fear of sacrilege, often bar the way. But do we not realize, that the state of sanctifying grace is already demanded by the very fact that we are fellow offerers with the priest as living members of Christ's mystical body? and that, if we should be conscious of an unforgiven mortal sin, we ought to use our imperfect assistance at Holy Mass, to obtain the grace of perfect repentance, which, as the Council of Trent tells us, is the effect of Holy Mass as our sin offering; that will lead us to an early confession and then to admittance to a full share in the Holy Sacrifice. In the early ages of Christianity the Church laid great stress on the fact that Holy Mass is the sacrifice of the faithful who are in a state of grace. This she showed by excluding from the Holy Sacrifice, before the offertory, the non-baptized and the public sinners.

It is especially by Holy Communion that each individual Christian becomes, as it were, a priest in the fuller sense; for then he can offer from the altar of his heart a sacrifice of adoration most pleasing to God, viz., His only begotten Son. And this act forms a new sacrifice of praise, never performed before by anyone. In this sense one can also speak of offering Holy Communion for the intentions of others; for, if the Holy Eucharist were not a sacrifice, but

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only a sacrament, we could do more apply it to others than our confirmation or baptism.

When we think of Holy Communion as a sacrament, we usually consider only the effect it is to have on our own soul. Now, as a sacrament, it is certainly the strongest means for increasing sanctifying grace in the soul of the receiver; but as a sacrifice it is also meant to increase the bond of charity and peace between all the members of Christ. Towards this increase the Church in her Mass prayer helps and exhorts us to petition the merciful Heavenly Father, before the consecration, that He would vouchsafe to pacify, preserve, unite and govern, (not merely exteriorly, but still more interiorly,) His holy Church in all her members. As such, no one can, as Saint Paul says, merely live for himself, nor die for himself; if one member is deficient in this unifying charity, all the other members suffer, or if one is slack in cooperating with the unifying action of the Holy Eucharist, it is a loss to the whole body. Again, before the giving of the "pax," the priest prays for the peace of the Church, imitating thus the high-priestly prayer of our Lord after the Last Supper, that all may be one as He is one with the Father.

The high ideal, which our Blessed Lord desires us to realize through the Eucharistic peace sacrifice, will indeed be a reproach for our past indifference, but it ought not to depress us; it should rather be an encouragement to utilize to the fullest this grand opportunity for our sanctification and greater glory, and it ought at the same time also to have the character of a thank-offering. "What shall I render to the Lord for all he has rendered to me," are the words of the Psalmist, which the holy Roman Church puts on the lips of the priest after receiving the most holy Body of our Blessed Lord; and if the words of many Postcommunions do not always seem to express the sentiments of fervent thanksgiving, these are contained implicitly in such expressions as: "filled with heavenly gifts," or "nourished with heavenly delights"—words which contain as much of joyful gratitude as the exclamation of amazement by Saint Elizabeth at the Visitation: "Whence is this to me that the Mother of my God should come to me?"

The peace offerings of old had not only the specific, though secondary, character of thanksgiving, but also that of petition; the sacrifice of Anna, the mother of Samuel, is a striking instance of this fact. Our Lord, too, wants to make His Eucharistic Sacrifice one of petition, so that *with Him*, and *in Him*, and *through Him* we and all our fellow members of holy Church may be able to give glory to God, not only during the most Holy Sacrifice, but also afterwards in our daily actions, words, and

thoughts. The Holy Ghost has inspired our Mother the Church to make after consecration the bold petition "that all of us, who shall receive the most holy Body and Blood of the Son of God, by this participation of the altar, may be filled with *all* heavenly blessing and grace." This boldness is founded on our Lord's promise (John 6:50) that if any man eat of this (living bread from heaven) he shall not die; and not only shall this be true of the soul, but through, and after, the general resurrection, also of the body. This can, of course, only be verified in the case of those whose souls are alive; for we know that the Holy Eucharist did not, and could not, save Judas. Also Saint Peter's self-relying zeal at the Last Supper was not a disposition, favorable to allow the Eucharistic graces full sway so as to save him from that one serious lapse in his life. On the other hand, the courage and constancy of Saint John, who dared to face Calvary, was the fruit of the sacramental strength communicated to him. Humble petitions addressed to the Heavenly Father through our Blessed Lord, present in our hearts, for an increase of strength in ourselves and in others to glorify Him more perfectly first through our share in the Holy Sacrifice, and then also through the fulfilment of our daily duties, will have the same effect as the aspirations of Saint John at the Last Supper; and if we should be carried away by vanity or cowardice like Saint Peter, then the atoning force of the Holy Eucharist as a sin offering will bring us back to repentance, and will even restore to us the degree of grace and charity, which we had obtained through our former partaking of the Eucharistic sacrifice of praise, thanksgiving, and petition. By helping us to make progress in grace and virtue the Holy Eucharist will become daily a surer pledge of our permanent union with God in the eternal Jerusalem, the city of indestructable peace, where our hearts shall be filled with delight when joining in the unceasing chants of praise and thanksgiving which will rise from the altar of the Lamb and from the hearts of the Blessed, who have been saved by the Blood of the Lamb and nourished by his Eucharistic Sacrifice.

## Bubble Dreams

NANCY BUCKLEY

When days grew warm with sun of early spring,  
When, trembling 'neath the kiss of butterfly,  
Each tiny, tender, fragrant, budding thing  
Glanced up demurely at the smiling sky,

I made some little dreams, half joy, half pain—  
Fair bubble dreams of intricate design—  
Then came the long sharp needles of the rain  
And pricked those precious bubble dreams of mine.

# The Home Girl

WILL W. WHALEN

SAM KIMPLE'S thoughts were turning not lightly to love and marriage. He was in the mood for home building. Sam's German disposition didn't go in for sonnets or fiery-red phrases that crackled.

Autumn was staging another of her Patti oft-repeated farewells. When her ingénue daughter came on with a spring song in May, thrilling bird notes, and trailing clouds of dogwood glory, Sam would graduate from the forestry school. He had the guarantee of a good job at his chosen profession, or, as he loved to call it, his vocation. He'd look after trees, as the state constabulary did the motorists. He'd save the helpless forest giants from destructive fires and no less destructive germs. On the heels of his graduation should tread his marriage.

In his methodical way, he picked the most beautiful period of the seasons for his nuptials. He was revolving the pros and cons in his mind, while autumn was pelting him sweetly with her yellow, orange and scarlet Sibyl billets-doux.

There were two girls on Sam's horizon, neither of whom had yet made a very deep dent in his manly affections. But either girl had nearly eight months in which to get in her charming work. But a bridegroom Sam meant to be in the spring, tra-la, and then he'd start life in dead earnest, a real man in his completeness.

That's the way his Bavarian forebears did things, and Sam was true to the blood that was in him. He was far better educated than his father was or his grandfather had been. The Kimples were all great pioneers in their forest homes. Joyce Kilmer was Sam's favorite writer, because he said that "poems are made by fools like me, but only God can make a tree."

Miss Claudie Mitchell, of New York City, was summering near the forestry school, still summering, even though the autumn was waning. She made no secret of that fact to Sam that he was the splendid mountain oak that made her "see" the beauty of his forests. Oh, the woods were all right enough to tramp about in, fish and swim in, if one could find a decent water hole or creek, but she preferred to motor along mountain roads at forty miles an hour to take in the scenery, which, as you know who've tried it, then was pretty much a blur. Sam had a strong, ingrained suspicion that Claudie might not be any too contented as a forester's wife.

Little Mary Shepard had never known any-

thing but the Blue Ridge Mountains, and wasn't eager to find out much about anywhere else. She read enough to make her curious, but didn't seem to hanker for cities. She and her father ran the little restaurant where the forestry-school students got sandwiches and held their modest banquets. She was a sort of college widow to all the boys, and they sent her post-cards in vacation—with which Mary started her stoves in the winter.

It was plainer than the pretty nose on Mary's face that she didn't have much money. Her clothes told on her. She'd never used cosmetics. Her wildest attempt at beauty building was a wipe-off with talcum powder. Her hair was blue-black, her eyes deep, misty, and violet, like her home mountains when the sun was gone.

Sam always felt his heart beat faster when Mary got near him, if it was only to place his coffee cup. But a man without money like Sam, if he married penniless Mary, would have to work all his own way. Sam forgot that women, a lot of them, can work too.

Then along sparkled Miss Claudie, who evidently did have a bank account of her own or somebody else's on which she could draw freely. She summered in a cottage that was inexpensive enough, but outside tourists somehow carried the air of wealth about them. That "class" of Claudie's first took Sam's fancy.

He'd enjoyed many a long forest ramble with Mary, and been surprised at her knowledge of trees, plants, and rocks. Mary could hear the trees moan in protest when the burglar storms twisted their limbs. She could perceive maternal care in the blighted chestnut which, like a tubercular mother, hung over the little shoot at its foot. She could imitate the birds' calls.

But after Claudie came on the scene, and played a stagey Rosalind, he found himself often at her cottage, listening to her ukulele and songs, even joining in those he knew. Mary seemed to close up like a little flower when the sun goes off; no protest, just a gentle shutting of petals. She was as pleasant as ever, never showing him by a visible outward sign, much less by a word, that she minded his staying away, if not from her eating house, from herself.

Claudie was an extreme blonde, a sort of girl rather uncommon in Sam's locality. She glittered—rings, eyes, tongue. She was outlandish in dress. Some of the gossamer gowns she

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trailed around the cottage had a theatrical atmosphere to them, which the students voted very inviting. When she hiked, she couldn't be told at a distance from the forestry boys.

She may have been honestly in love with Sam. For any city girl to hang about Blue Ridge fastnesses in late October was a proof that she cared a whole lot. But the first snowfall, a really heavy one for November, drove her reluctantly back to New York City's bustle and subways. Sam hadn't yet proposed. Like a turtle—not the dove—he'd put forth his callow head in that direction several times, but when Claudie gave too evident encouragement, this cautious German pulled back into his shell, and labored along in talk about trees instead of orange blossoms.

If he proposed to Mary, she was old-fashioned enough to sigh, "How sudden!" If he tried the proposal on Claudie, she might cry, "At last!"

Claudie wrote him every week, which showed he'd made a deep impression, since modern girls don't go in for epistolary correspondence. Young ladies to-day may die for a man's sake, as they did in the Lady Mary Montagu lettering epoch, but they won't waste a two-cent stamp on him unless it carries a postcard.

Since the blond Rosalind was off the stage, Phebe now had her chance if she wished it. Sam almost hoped Mary would. But she didn't. She in her casual conversations with him learned that Claudie mailed him a weekly letter, and then Mary appeared not to bother further.

The April arbutus brought Claudie back to the woods to the same little cottage, and the moon looked down on ukulele séances on her tiny porch. One night Sam thought he saw Mary peeping from behind a sumac, and felt sure a white skirt rustled away like a frightened whippoorwill. Claudie was a good listener to his interminable gabble of the forests, but he often found when he went back to the subject, she'd forgotten all that he said. He soon understood that the man interested her more than his work.

Mary was different. Her eyes lit up when he talked of the deep tangled wildwood and its tall leafy citizens. She never forgot anything he told her.

Sam gave his as yet unplaced affections a good overhauling one night before his graduation. He found it hard to put Mary away. If she'd given him more encouragement, he wouldn't have been able to put her away at all. He couldn't ask his staid and matter-of-fact father about love, lest he be laughed at, and his mother wasn't romantic. She thought it a sin to read a novel. He'd have to fight it out for himself. He began to feel grateful to Mary,

that she hadn't made it harder for him. If she'd led him on as Claudie was doing, why—well, he wouldn't have liked to think of results.

To-morrow he's going to propose to Claudie, and get married in a few weeks. You see Sam was born and bred in Indian forests. Still could be found back in the hills their stone arrowheads. The old legends about them weren't dead. Their cruelties were faded with the years, and their valiant deeds and losing battle to hold their own were vivid memories. With the Indian, love came after marriage, not before.

Sam reading the newspapers, and taking them too seriously, opined that the white supplanter might copy to a degree the matrimonial ways of the original American. One of the forestry boys waxed heedless and slunked in his examinations, because he was in love. Sick about the girl for six months before marriage, he was sick of her in three after they wed.

On the morrow Sam got no chance for his proposal. Claudie's sister, Helene, a more extreme blonde even than Claudie, came to pay her a visit. Helene was on the stage, in what capacity Sam didn't inquire. But from her bad English, he judged she didn't do Shakespeare. Her manners were atrocious. Even he could see that, and he wasn't punctilious. She was fond of highballs, fast driving with the forestry students, late dances, loud laughing, pointless jesting. She dubbed the mountaineers who lived round about the school as "a bunch of hicks." At that Sam winced, for they were his people—and Mary Shepard's.

However, Helene approved of Sam, as well she might. He was the best athlete and scholar in the academy, had a clean-cut set of features and a handsome Gothic head, and spoke without an accent. One couldn't say as much for Helene's tongue, though in this she was inferior to Claudie.

Claudie pleading a headache, Helene insisted that Sam take her actress self motoring.

"You see, Sam," she plucked his ear familiarly, "us stage stars don't get any too much fresh evening air. It's the hot air's handed out in cut glass to us. I'd love to go 'way back to the primitive, dance my full in bare feet on the sands of the desert, kick up a dust without worrying about my make-up, take my hair down" (Sam noted the barber'd already taken most of it off) "and be a nature's girl."

Claudie, in spite of her genuine headache, was following her poetic sister's wise-cracks.

"Helene, if you dance barefoot up here, you'll get chestnut burs in your sole. And you eat too much meat to be physical culture."

"My child, an actress is so lucky to eat at all, that she'll gobble anything at any old time.



May your fate and a husband keep you from the footlights!"

In the car Sam saw Helene at her worst. His silence voiced his disapproval, so she said:

"Hope you don't hate your future sister-in-law. It wouldn't be nice to have division in the family."

Then the sisters had talked him over before his long delayed proposal. He was a sure thing! a mountaineer hick snapped in a blond-haired trap! He resented it at once.

On rushed the blundering Helene:

"Of course, I'm older than Claudie. How much do you think?" Sam vouchsafed no answer. "I've been a mother to her—in my own way. I made her take the place of the children I ain't going to have. I do hope, when she gets married, she won't make me a grandmother. It was more for her sake than my own that I fought my first divorce case so hard. It looked at first as if I might lose." Sam shot her a glance charged with suspicion. "Maybe I didn't make that big brute shell out alimony. I simply had to have the money for her schooling. I got a tip from one fellow that turned me a lot of kale. No, it wasn't oil or Florida farms. A horse race. Claudie begged me to lay a bet for her, and her luck was good too."

More and more of this as they sped through the starry night, with the breezes of the piney woods crying out their glories. It was like a ribald jester playing a jew's-harp during a symphony.

Sam began to feel queasy. This woman was something like Claudie; Claudie was too much like Helene. The influence of her sister was bound to count with his—future wife! No, he couldn't bring himself to face it. Divorce! a word that had never come near his life before. Alimony! he doubted his simple old mother would know what such a word meant. Agh! Was it the dust getting into his throat, or was it that his eyes were seeing a probable future too clearly?

"Wait till you lamp New York, boy! Wait till the rush and the roar and the glitter of it gets you!"

He'd wait—a long time! His face was grim and rocky in the moonlight shadows.

"Claudie told me you were a talker, Sam, but she must be able to thaw you out. Ain't love queer! My second husband was a talker. I couldn't poke a word in edgewise. When I did, he'd laugh in my face. Ridicule ain't nice. I quit him cold, and there was a hot time in the old courthouse when he had to pay up."

Two husbands had paid up already! What about the third? Sam wasn't going to inquire, lest he discover a fourth victim. This was the ultra-modern romance of a Blue Beard fairy whose closet of murdered bank rolls stood wide

open. "Gold digger" wasn't in Sam's clean vocabulary.

Sam, without seeking her permission, reversed the car. He stopped at the Shepard restaurant, asking Helene to have something. She hardly had time to refuse when he shut off the power, for he had seen Claudie and Mary through the open window. Claudie's aching brow wasn't tied up in an ice bag. Helene tripped and fell sprawling on the bottom step of the porch. While Sam was assisting her ladyship to arise, he caught one sentence through the window.

"You little simp, you splashed the water on my dress—I do believe on purpose."

How much she sounded like Helene now! Was her naïve girlishness after all only a pose, a courtship gingham donned to impress a mountaineer? Helene rubbing her bruised knee and muttering detained him long enough for him to hear:

"I'm so sorry, Miss Mitchell. It really was an accident."

"Aw, you're not sorry at all. You're sore at me because I swiped Sam Kimple from you, and you'd like to get square by spoiling my frock."

Mary made no reply, but what she had said was so—he sensed it, but couldn't phrase it. There was no fawning in her voice, only a ladylike something that reached out and plucked gently at one.

"I wasted a perfectly good evening to come here to your old dining room to-night. Why, right now I might be motoring with Sam Kimple, who broke his heart when I stayed home. But I stuck around to have it out with you. If you think—"

Sam was clever enough to pretend he wasn't listening. He was whole-heartedly concerned about Helene. She was bruised and bumped and shaken badly, yet surely she must have caught something of the one-sided fracas. She made a great fuss at getting away immediately.

"I'm not going in there," said the sulky divorcee. "I tore my stocking. Take me to the cottage."

He did.

"I need repairs," she explained sweetly, "so come in and start the graphophone, while I attend to my damaged complexion."

He left her at the door, though she insisted that Claudie would be back in a minute, and would surely want to see him.

Sam spent a bad quarter of an hour with himself that night. In fact, it ran into an hour and a quarter. He took out Mary's poor little snapshot, the only photo she had ever taken. Something warmed on the inside of him; something that made him tingle in his veins; something that reminded him of the quiet charm of

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his mother. Suddenly he felt cheap and scheming—almost as bad as the marrying Helene, who looked at a man's purse before she leaped into his arms. A husband should think of the woman, not what worldly goods she might bring him. Claudie! what would she bring him or take from him? Perhaps—alimony!

Next evening it was a sheepish Sam that found his way alone into Mary's restaurant. He timidly asked her for a cup of coffee and a sandwich. She was as cool as the water she served—and just as wholesome. He was glad the place was deserted. He grabbed and gripped her hard little hand as she set down the glass. She started as if she'd been caught in a fox trap. But she couldn't get loose.

"Mary!"

Sam's voice told her that he was truthful now—with himself. He let the truth out. No woman can hear that sound in a man's voice without a tremor. Mary was very much a woman, and she showed it. Old man Shepard opened the kitchen door, peeped in and prudently retired—for the night. He wasn't noticed. Sam saw two great pearls form on Mary's cheeks, and her little heartaching sob told him how she'd been suffering.

The battle is not always to the forward. Sam graduated. Two weeks after graduation, he and Mary were married. Two days before that event, there was a sign on Claudie's cottage—

FOR RENT

### On Picket Duty

(Continued from page 11)

at the few who have been inconstant in their vocation but rather to look at the great number of those who, faithful to their engagements, find in religion peace, happiness, and salvation. Why wait in the world until its foul breath has tarnished your virtue and filled your heart with aspirations of a far different character? Why wait, since you will not bind yourself until you have given your vocation a strenuous trial during the period of probation. Joey, these pickets with this line of argument are only the ones that stand on guard in broad daylight. There are others."

"Is there 'a nigger in the woodpile' somewhere, Father?"

"That's a slang way of putting it. The main objection to religious life is the old prejudice that springs from the attachment to this world and to its goods. The world hates the life of the cloister because it is a contradiction and a disapproval of its own principles. Christ seemed to stress the gap when He said in this connection: 'The Son of man hath not whereon to lay His head.' At the bottom of this indifference and opposition is a lack of living

faith. Now, fervent religious not only counteract the principles of the world but they tend to spread even in the world the spirit of faith. The devil, who is the generalissimo of all the pickets, but whose work is done in secret, knows all this. His inveterate hatred against all manner of religious life is thus accounted for. We read in the lives of the ancient Fathers of a holy hermit that had been led by an angel to a monastery. There he saw in vision a whole swarm of devils, like so many flies, passing and repassing through all the apartments of the house. The hermit was next brought to a city, and there he was struck by the fact that in the whole city only one devil was to be found. He was unemployed and sat leisurely at the city gate. The hermit asked for an explanation of this difference. The angel replied that in the city the people follow the evil one's bidding and hence one devil was sufficient to work mischief there. But in the monastery all strove to resist his temptations and therefore so many evil spirits were needed to tempt the religious and try to draw them into sin. Is it any wonder then that he constantly fills so many minds with illusions regarding religious life, prompts them to express objections against it, in season and out of season, and urges them to place all possible obstructions in the path of aspirants to the religious life?"

"I see more clearly now that I am safer where the devil has the harder work. I realize that there is only one thing for me to do, and that is to evade the pickets and make arrangements at once for my departure. Pray for me, Father, that I may persevere."

"That's the boy. Rest assured, Joey, that my good wishes, my prayers, and my blessing accompany you."

"Thank you, Father."

### Afterthoughts

S. M. T., O. S. B.

A year with everything it takes

Of weariness, and pain, and aches,  
And sunshine too, that sometimes makes

The shadows more profound,  
Has come and gone; and at its end

'Tis well to ask, "How did I spend  
Each day?" And of each hour given

Learn what report it bore to Heaven,  
Upon Time's ceaseless round.

Great God, in sorrow I confess,

That much of sin and feebleness  
Have answered e'er Thy kind caress,

Each day bestowed on me.  
Though late my tears, in vain my wailings,  
I trust I'm now, in spite of failings,

A little nearer Thee.

"Let nothing be preferred to the work of God."—(Rule of St. Benedict, Chap. 43.)

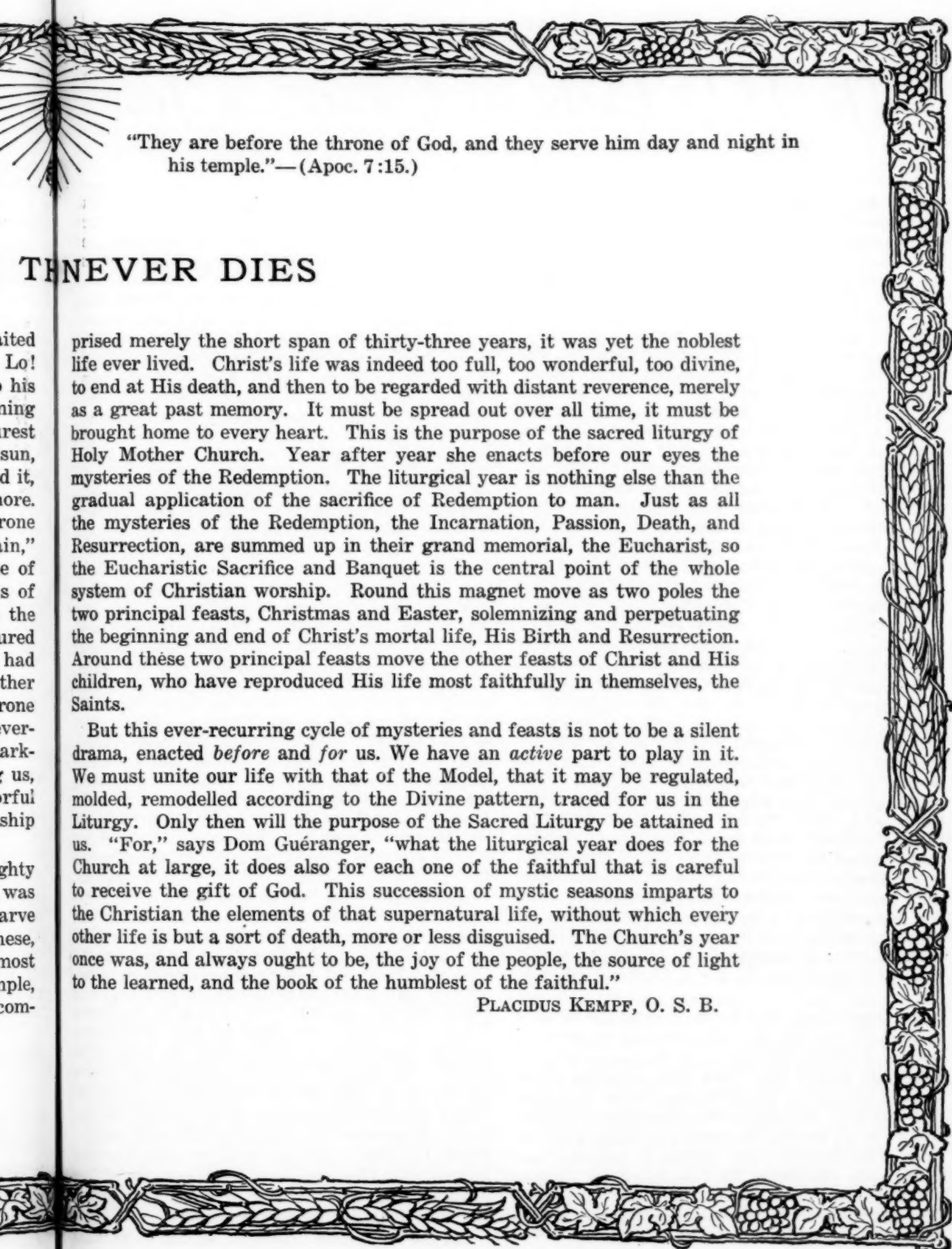
## THE LIFE TEN



WHOMESICK for heaven, the exile on Patmos, St. John, awaited the call of his beloved Master to the heavenly mansions. Lo! the Master flings wide the celestial portals and gives to his breaking eye a glimpse of the "holy city Jerusalem coming down out of heaven from God," fashioned out of the purest gold and rarest gems. "The city hath no need of the sun, nor the moon to shine in it. For the glory of the Lord hath enlightened it, and the Lamb is the lamp thereof." His ecstatic eyes see still more. Piercing the dazzling light they behold, on a golden altar before the throne of God, the source of this splendor, the Lamb, "standing as it were slain," surrounded by a choir of four and forty thousand, singing a canticle of praise to the accompaniment of their lyres, whilst unceasingly clouds of fragrant incense ascend from the golden censer of the angel before the altar. Such is the uninterrupted service of heaven. Does the enraptured exile recognize the Lamb? Ah, yes. It is his beloved Master, who had left that throne some sixty years previous, to be born of a Virgin Mother in a lowly stable. When the Word of God "leaped down" from His throne on high, a strain of heavenly music and song escaped to earth and reverberated over the hills of Bethlehem, shrouded in the mystery-laden darkness of the holy night. Since then the Word of God has dwelt among us, and around His lowly, silk-curtained, tabernacle home goes on the colorful pageantry of incense, music and song, a faint echo of the undying worship of heaven.

St. John saw no temple in the heavenly city, for "the Lord God Almighty is the temple thereof and the Lamb." In the grand ages of faith, it was this virtue that guided the hand of the architect and skilled artisan to carve those gigantic sermons in stone, the Gothic Cathedrals. In these, stone vies with stone in the forming of a lofty arched canopy over the most hallowed spot on earth, the altar with its tabernacle. Such a grand temple, formed by countless moments, is the mortal life of Christ. Though it com-

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"They are before the throne of God, and they serve him day and night in his temple."—(Apoc. 7:15.)

## THAT NEVER DIES

It is not merely the short span of thirty-three years, it was yet the noblest life ever lived. Christ's life was indeed too full, too wonderful, too divine, to end at His death, and then to be regarded with distant reverence, merely as a great past memory. It must be spread out over all time, it must be brought home to every heart. This is the purpose of the sacred liturgy of Holy Mother Church. Year after year she enacts before our eyes the mysteries of the Redemption. The liturgical year is nothing else than the gradual application of the sacrifice of Redemption to man. Just as all the mysteries of the Redemption, the Incarnation, Passion, Death, and Resurrection, are summed up in their grand memorial, the Eucharist, so the Eucharistic Sacrifice and Banquet is the central point of the whole system of Christian worship. Round this magnet move as two poles the two principal feasts, Christmas and Easter, solemnizing and perpetuating the beginning and end of Christ's mortal life, His Birth and Resurrection. Around these two principal feasts move the other feasts of Christ and His children, who have reproduced His life most faithfully in themselves, the Saints.

But this ever-recurring cycle of mysteries and feasts is not to be a silent drama, enacted *before* and *for* us. We have an *active* part to play in it. We must unite our life with that of the Model, that it may be regulated, molded, remodelled according to the Divine pattern, traced for us in the Liturgy. Only then will the purpose of the Sacred Liturgy be attained in us. "For," says Dom Guéranger, "what the liturgical year does for the Church at large, it does also for each one of the faithful that is careful to receive the gift of God. This succession of mystic seasons imparts to the Christian the elements of that supernatural life, without which every other life is but a sort of death, more or less disguised. The Church's year once was, and always ought to be, the joy of the people, the source of light to the learned, and the book of the humblest of the faithful."

PLACIDUS KEMPF, O. S. B.



# The Holy Eucharist Converts a Jew\*

F. T. M.

IT WAS in the year 1918. The difficult time of the War compelled me to seek some means of defraying the expense of my studies. Someone made me acquainted with a Jewess who wished to have her thirteen year old son, Emil, prepared for the second Gymnasium class. Although no great admirer of Jews, I decided to take the boy in default of someone better to fill the post, and having once undertaken the task, I strove to fulfill it conscientiously. Sometimes my pupil came to me and sometimes I went to his mother's house. I took all possible pains to improve him in Latin, Natural History, etc. On one occasion when I visited him I found him reading a Jewish manual on religion. I took it from him, being curious to look at it. The text was Hebrew and under each verse was a German commentary. It dealt with the Biblical account of the Prophet Jonas. I looked on this story somewhat sceptically and was inclined to treat the Talmudic explanation of the commentator with contempt. Involuntarily I muttered to myself: "The purest invention."

The softly spoken words reached the ears of my pupil, however, and directly he commenced to ask me why I thought it was invented, and if I did not consider the Jewish religion to be good and true, and what connection it had with the Christian religion? Above all he was interested in the personality of Jesus Christ—whom the Jews had denied and crucified. The questions, in fact, were endless, until I lost patience and said: "What is the good of all this talk, it will not make you a Christian. Attend to your studies, it is for them that I come here, if you don't, you will fail in your examinations and then your mother will blame me." The boy was obliged to be quiet for that time, but he returned to the subject, and in true Jewish fashion tried to bargain with me that I would take him some day to see a Catholic Church.

\* NOTE:—Contributed by the Convent of Our Lady of Sion, Kansas City, Mo.—This account was given to the Rev. Father Moskata, S. J., by the student who had helped the Jewish boy. "The best guarantee of the truth of this statement is," the Rev. Father says, "the fact that after the event of this wonderful conversion related by the student, he altered very much, and from being a somewhat careless Catholic he became a very fervent one. He joined the Sodality of the Children of Mary and later entered a Seminary to prepare for the priesthood. When he told me the story he was studying Theology."

"Well," I replied at last, "at the first opportunity I will take you; you don't look so much like a Jew as to get me into any trouble, and the visit will give you a glimpse into Polish culture and Polish history!"

Emil reminded me repeatedly of this promise, so I arranged to take him to the Cathedral on the feast of the holy Bishop St. Stanislaus, May 7th. On that day we met and sauntered along towards Wavelhugel, chatting gaily about many things. Emil spoke and behaved as usual; there was nothing out of the ordinary in his conduct. When we entered Anhohe, I pointed out the monuments of ancient times to my pupil and explained about them. Then we slowly mounted the high steps and entered the famous church. The sound of a little bell first caught my attention, then something on a distant altar, and then my eyes wandered to my little Jewish boy who was at that moment genuflecting. His face had grown deadly pale and his shining eyes gazed, as if spellbound, into the interior of the Cathedral. Somewhat alarmed, I touched him on the shoulder, and asked: "What is the matter?" The boy did not reply, but, still kneeling, continued to gaze at something in the distance, while his face shone and his lips murmured words. I bent nearer to try to hear what he said, but could not understand, and even to this day I cannot tell in what language he was praying. I was embarrassed, the more so as some visitors began to notice the boy's strange behavior, and one of them even let fall the remark that he was a Jew. Some minutes passed. Just then a priest, bearing the Holy Viaticum to a sick person, passed near us. The still kneeling boy looked with a rapt expression at the priest, and when the latter had gone by, Emil stood up and quietly walked straight forward. I followed him to the Batorij Chapel where the Blessed Sacrament was reserved. He knelt there before the grating, and remained fully a quarter of an hour in the same place. His gaze was fixed on the tabernacle, and he remained as immovable as one paralyzed; throughout the whole time he never moved an eyelash, and his face was so beautiful that I was reminded of the picture of St. Stanislaus. Somewhat uneasy, but still more astonished, I looked at the boy with the growing conviction that God was here working one of His miracles of grace. At last he stood up and left the church in a composed manner.

On the way home I questioned him as to what

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had happened to him, but he gave no direct reply, probably because he himself was not quite clear about his experience, but he was very much engrossed with the subject of Christ's personality, and kept repeating and with an air of conviction unusual to him, that the Lord Jesus was very good and beautiful. At each such declaration it was easy to see that a warm and sorrowing love of Our Lord was burning in his young Jewish heart, if indeed this heart could be called Jewish! This occurrence made a lasting impression on me. My faith, which had grown rather unsettled, owing to the unsettled state of the times, and free student life, grew deeper. With regard to the boy, I did not trouble myself trying to decide if he had had an apparition, or had been in ecstasy, or was only the victim of some nervous disorder. I continued to instruct him as formerly, but he himself brought the occurrence from time to time back to my remembrance: by inquiring oftener and in a more decided manner about the truth of the Catholic religion. To my embarrassment he even began to ask me certain questions, the answers to which are only found in the catechism. Finally, he said straight out that he wished to become a Christian, and that I must baptize him. Assuming a superior tone with him, I told him once again to attend to his studies, that the examinations were approaching, and that he would not be prepared for them. I fear that I treated his childish request somewhat lightly. Thereupon he declared that he was quite certain that he would never go up for his examination, that we would die on the eighth of September, and that he must be baptized first. I repeated impatiently that he must not think of baptism, that his mother would never allow it. I treated his death as a joke, saying lightly: "My dear little Jew, you will live longer than I will myself." I soon found, however, that all my endeavors to bring him on any further in Latin, etc., were useless, so I informed his mother, as diplomatically as I could, and with studentlike artfulness, that her son could postpone going up for his examination until after the holidays and that I would not instruct him further.

In this manner I was able to withdraw from a situation which was both difficult and mysterious. I drew a breath of relief and tried to forget the whole affair, as one forgets the fancies of childhood, the plans of youth, or one's past examinations. On September the seventh, as I was thinking of anything rather than of my former pupil, his mother called to see me. Suspecting that she had come to ask me to resume my tuition, I received her with seeming coldness and told her that I could not resume the lessons; but she had come on a very differ-

ent errand. Her Emil was ill and longing to see me. As she spoke, I remembered what the boy had said, that he would die on the eighth of September. I promised that I would go and see him. I found him ill in bed, but saw nothing alarming in his condition. As his mother told me that the doctor had given a favorable opinion, I was all the less inclined to believe that there was any danger of death. When we were alone Emil implored me with great earnestness and with all the appearance of one who believed that his soul was about to quit this world, to baptize him, as he was convinced that he would die on the following day. At the same time he promised to reveal something to me, as soon as I carried out his wishes. Hesitating, I asked myself what I should do. I felt very doubtful, but the strength and earnestness of his wish did not permit me to set it lightly aside. Finally, I told him that I would baptize him, but with plain water only, and that later he must have the ceremony completed in the Church; that I was uneasy as regards his mother, who had had no warning of the step which her son was contemplating. Emil strove to weaken my objections and declared that he would say nothing to his mother. Then, once for all, he had done with words. He sprang out of bed, quickly handed me a carafe of water, and repeated the words which rang out more like a command from God than a prayer: "Baptize me." While I poured the water over his head, I said in a trembling voice: "I baptize thee, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." The young Christian beamed with happiness like some heavenly spirit, and without waiting to be questioned, told me in simple, childish words that the Lord Jesus had appeared to him in the Cathedral, beautiful, desirable, and worthy of all love, and had told him to have himself baptized. I listened with the greatest interest to his words, but I did not believe in the next day's death, for there was nothing in Emil's voice or movements to indicate that his end was near. I promised to come again on the following day. As I entered his room about five o'clock in the afternoon, I found his mother almost in despair. The doctor, who had just gone, had declared that he could not diagnose Emil's illness, but that his pulse had become so weak that there was no longer any hope of a cure. The sick boy lay in bed, his face shining with happiness. He was delighted at my coming and said triumphantly: "You see now I am really going to die." "When you die," I replied, "the Lord Jesus will take you to Himself." At that very moment the young Christian yielded up his soul. . . . As he lay on his little bed he looked like a saint!

# The Communion Rail Ends the Quest for the Grail

BURTON CONFREY

## III

**T**HAT young men who have experienced it appreciate direction there is no doubt, and many a Launcelot has been saved because of it.

"In me lived a sin

So strange, of such a kind, that all of pure,  
Noble, and knightly in me twined and clung  
Round that one sin, until the wholesome flower  
And poisonous grew together, each as each,  
Not to be plucked asunder. ....

.....Save they could be plucked asunder  
My quest were but in vain.

### THE MOST IMPORTANT THING I LEARNED AT NOTRE DAME DURING THE FIRST QUARTER

Before coming to Notre Dame I didn't have confidence enough in anyone to acknowledge my shortcomings, much less check them in a pamphlet. My chief aim in life seemed to be to put on as bold a front as possible; and even though I were rotting inside, if I looked upright to those who knew me, I was satisfied. By pretending I could take care of myself and never letting them discover that I did anything out of the way, I bluffed my parents into letting me alone. They let me do as I pleased; and since I got into no serious trouble, they seemed satisfied.

Foolish pride made me ashamed to confess my weaknesses, although I didn't have sufficient self-respect to think of that when doing wrong. I had the wrong point of view; I never thought of building up virtue. I can't say that I set out deliberately to see how close I could come to mortal sin without crossing the border line, but I did countenance venial sins—even though they were gnawing at what little foundation I had for a decent character.

Why I never looked upon a priest as a help, I do not know. I felt the same way about a doctor. I wanted not so much to be well as to get through with the temporary inconvenience without his discovering anything more serious.

It seems too stupid to believe, but I should not have wanted a priest or doctor to uncover a serious situation that was not observable on the surface. That is true, even though I can now see how glad I ought to have been to have the situation discovered and corrected. As I said at the beginning, I didn't know what it was to have confidence in anyone. Foolish pride made me want to cover up any shortcomings I had.

Being so secretive, I was naturally floored by the frankness of the fellows at Notre Dame. Their straightforwardness gave me a new attitude toward life—the greatest thing I have learned this quarter. After a good general confession I am on the right path, and I intend to win. Almost three months have already gone by and I must make up for lost time. I could have struck the right gait in much less time if I had known what it was not to dodge. I don't intend to shout my shortcomings from the Dome, but I do intend to practice the confession of devotion and put myself under the direction of someone who will help me become what an ideal Notre Dame man ought to be.

King Arthur says:

"Never yet

Could all of true and noble in knight and man  
Twine round in one sin. ....

.....but apart there grew,

Save that he were the swine thou spakest of,  
Some root of knighthood and pure nobleness.

Whereto see thou, that it may bear its flower.

It is because of the fact that this type of student often meets the external requirements of religion—attending Mass, Benediction, Stations of the Cross—and seems a fine character, that he is ever offered help in overcoming his difficulties. Seldom does he realize that confession is an act of love, although he appreciates being convinced of the fact. One such student remarked, when asked what had most helped him to change his attitude, "A teacher's generosity suggested God's liberality."



# MY FIRST EXPERIENCE IN LEARNING TO THINK IN RELATION TO RELIGION

In class this morning when we had to apply to religion the points the text make about learning to think I got a jolt. When I heard the student's paper on how he changed his ideas about religion since coming to Notre Dame, I began to sit up. But when I came from confession this afternoon, I sat down right away to write this in the hope that if you read it in class it may encourage somebody else to get down on his knees like a man.

Our three-hour talk changed my attitude completely. I am not so dumb as you must think I am, but I am dumb. I recall that you can go to confession any time, but I was trying to figure out whether I could get out to the campus to-night; and when I was sent right to a priest, I felt so rotten, ashamed of myself for insulting God as I had been, that I didn't hesitate about confession right at the priest's knees. Last year—even yesterday, or this morning even, I could never have thought of doing such a thing. To-day I know that I was talking to God. I am not sure what affected me most in our talk. I might have heard of stigmata before, but I never actually realized what they meant. When I heard about the venerable Catherine Emmerick, when realized what getting closer to God meant, I was so sorry I didn't go to Mass Sunday that I wanted to go to confession right away.

The crucifix is in my shirt pocket, and it will stay where I can get at it—where I can feel it. I intend hunting up my Rosary and falling asleep saying it to-night. As soon as I wake in the morning I shall make an act of contrition, then an act of love; then I shall make a spiritual communion. I intend memorizing the form as soon as I finish this paper.

The other two fellows in this house never show that they are Catholics; so I shall not have anyone to go to Communion with each morning. But I am going to see if I can't get in with someone who goes every day, because I have will power and I intend using it. I want to get to know fellows who practice their religion so that I can be learning all the time.

No one but I can know how different I feel now as compared with how the bottom was just out of things this

morning. The crazy thoughts that always fill my head are going if I have to spend all my time making acts of contrition. I am going to learn to think about my relation to God, and with the help of Notre Dame I am never again going to be so dumb.

The strife in Lancelot's soul because of the sin he wouldn't give up is typical of the individual who can't go to confession. For him the wrath and condemnation he sees in the Grail leaves him "blasted and burned and blinded."

In her *Journal* (page 200) Eugenie de Guerin makes this entry:

"The saints tell us that suffering is the fire that purifies, that remelts; I believe it; we sometimes need to be put back into the crucible. Someone used to say to me, 'At those times do as St. Jerome did, write.'"

(To be continued)

## Benedictines and Revision of Vulgate

(Continued from page 16)

tine Fathers had only a faint apprehension of the amount of extended and painstaking labor which would be involved in the restoration of the genuine Vulgate text. They perhaps had no doubt that it could be accomplished before the Council should end its sessions. Stormy events of the times interrupted the sessions of the Council and made it impossible for the Supreme Pontiffs of the intervening years to undertake the much desired official revision.

In 1547 appeared a correction of the Vulgate, prepared by John Hentenius, a Dominican of Louvain. In 1556, after the death of Hentenius, Luke of Bruges, a Franciscan, compared the Louvain Bible with sixty other MSS. and with the Complutensian Polyglot of 1514, adding these readings without changing the text of his predecessor. The best edition of the Louvain Bible was published in 1583, and this edition was of great usefulness in preparing the official Vatican revision. The history of the Roman correction, aside of the preliminary work at Louvain, falls into three stages: the initial work of the various Commissions, and especially of that presided over by Cardinal Caraffa; the examination and amended publication of the Commission's text by Pope Sixtus V; and, finally, the Clementine edition.

Pius IV (1559-65) appointed a Commission of four Cardinals in 1561. The work progressed very slowly. Pius V (1566-72) appointed a new Commission in 1569. From April 28 to December 7, 1569, this Commission held twenty

ty-six sessions and succeeded in examining only the text of Genesis and of Exodus, the first two books of the Old Testament. The revision continued slowly and but little was accomplished in the immediately ensuing years. In 1578, at the instigation of Cardinal Montalto, later Pope Sixtus V, the preparation of a critical edition of the Septuagint was begun, and this revision, now considered necessary for the correction of the Latin Vulgate Text, was finished in 1586-87. Gregory XII died in 1585 and the energetic Sixtus V mounted the Papal throne. As soon as the revised Septuagint was ready, he ordered the same Commission, under presidency of Cardinal Caraffa, to begin once more on the Vulgate. Various codices were carefully collated, and the readings chosen after discussion in sessions of the Commission were inserted in the margin of a copy of the Louvain Bible, edition of 1583. The work of the revisers was presented to Sixtus V on November 17, 1588.

Sixtus V, dissatisfied with many of the findings of the Commission, undertook a personal revision and rejected by far the greater number of corrections which had been deemed necessary by the Papal Commission. The Sixtine Vulgate was printed under date of May 2, 1590, and as a preface it bore the Bull 'Aeternus Ille,' declaring the Sixtine edition to be that edition of the Vulgate approved by the Council of Trent and forbidding the edition then published to be tampered with on any account. Sixtus V died in August of 1590 and the Sixtine Bible was at once withdrawn from circulation. His successor, Urban VII reigned only twelve days, from September 15 to 27, 1590. Cardinal Caraffa died shortly thereafter.

Gregory XIV (December 5, 1590-October 15, 1591) appointed a Commission of seven Cardinals and eleven Consultors with the elder Cardinal Colonna at their head, and, upon advice of Bellarmine, instructed them to take a new and immediate revision to be printed under the name of Sixtus V in order to shield the latter's honor. The Commission finished its work toward the latter part of 1591, only to have Gregory die October 15 of that same year. The official edition, newly revised by Francis Toletus, S. J., and several others, was published late in 1592 during the pontificate of Clement VIII (1592-1605). A second official edition was issued in 1593, and a third and last one in 1598, since when there have been no official Vatican editions of the Vulgate, although other editions have been published with official sanction. The three official editions bore the title: "Biblia Sacra Vulgatae Editionis Sixti V. Pont. Max. jussu recognita atque edita: Romae ex typographia Vaticana." (Holy Bible of the Vulgate Edition revised and published by command of Sixtus V, Supreme Pontiff; Rome,

from the Vatican Press.) Not until 1673 did a Bible appear under the title: "Biblia Sacra Vulgatae Editionis Sixti V. P. M. jussu recognita et Clementis VIII auctoritate edita." (Holy Bible of the Vulgate Edition revised by command of Sixtus V, Supreme Pontiff, and published by authority of Clement VIII.)

In the more than three centuries which have elapsed since the Clementine Vulgate came forth from the Vatican Press, Catholic biblical scholars have ever been conscious that a new revision should be made, and that the next attempt should be of such a thoroughgoing and absolutely critical character that all might rest content in having at last the nearest approach to the genuine Vulgate text of St. Jerome which human labor and sagacity can at this late date determine. As the years rolled by the Supreme Pontiffs continued to postpone this important but tremendous work, biding the time in Rome's inimitably cautious and unhurried way, until circumstances should so shape themselves that the gigantic task might be renewed with every guarantee of ultimate success.

(Conclusion next month)

## A Son's Appeal

MARY E. SULLIVAN

God give me, I implore, oh mother mine,  
The needed grace to live those firm precepts  
Which in my childhood days thou didst impart  
In tender reverence unto mine heart.  
By acts of steady righteousness may I  
Fulfil the yearnings of thy fervent soul  
For my advancement ever toward the goal  
Of truest manhood, highest gallantry.  
God grant me strength to so defend the weak,  
To strive for clearer vision of the heights,  
Whereon is set the sign for which man fights,  
That I shall prove the heritage thou gav'st.

## Clover Blooms

MYRENE M. GARRISON

Lovely clover you're a rover,  
All the world you're running over.  
Woodland hills, and roads and hollows,  
In your pathway verdure follows.

Pioneer in silent valleys,  
At your coming nature rallies.  
Grassy glades and fields of wheat  
Follow close your errant feet.

Trail of bumblebee you hold,  
Seeking honey, leaving gold.  
Fling your scent upon the air,  
Welcome! Welcome! Everywhere.

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## Notes of Interest

### From the Field of Science

—From 1855 up to the present time, nineteen years have been added to the average span of life. But do we really live longer? Not if we are of later middle age. The gain has been in checking infant mortality.

—Lightning appears to travel in corkscrew spirals. A camera, which takes stereoptical views at a rate of 2,600 a second, shows the electrical discharges travelling in a way that is new to us. Lightning is not a celestial sword thrust, but a heavenly lariat writhing through the air. Commercial value is expected from the photographs for a prevention of sparking on motors, dynamos, and trolley cars.

—It is predicted that the East River at New York will never freeze again. It has been made warmer by large industrial plants that discharge their warm condenser water into the stream.

—The movie has recorded the motion that can be seen only through a microscope. Very interesting records have been made of cells dividing, of the white blood corpuscles eating another cell, of cancer tissue and heart tissue growing.

—Great advance for farming is promised in the development of disease resisting vegetables and fruit. Wilt-resisting watermelons, yellows-resistant cabbage, cow peas immune to the diseases of wilt and rootknot, are among some of the present offerings.

—Plasmochin is announced as a new remedy for malaria. It is an improved form of quinine. It is claimed that this drug is more potent than any form of quinine now known. It attacks the parasites of malaria, so checking their development that they succumb to the ordinary defensive forces in the body.

—Considerable debate has been aroused recently as to man versus woman in the fields of athletics, that woman was the equal of man. A British physician calls attention to the fact that in general, the greater height of men, and the type of their muscularity make them superior in most athletic contests. There have been numerous debates as to the mental capabilities of men and women, but without any positive conclusions. 'Whilst genius is more common in the male sex,' said Dr. Harry Campbell, 'so is idiocy.'

—We put a shade over the electric light, and direct the light waves downward. This makes the light much more efficient for us. Marconi has applied the same idea to wireless waves, developing the so-called 'Beam transmission.' Short waves are directed by special means in a given direction, and the results, after a year's operation between stations separated some thousands of miles, mark another milestone in the progress of wireless. Less power is needed for the transmission, greater strength and clarity of signals are obtained, and a certain amount of secrecy is had. Thus, a station directing its 'beams' from England to Canada, will not be heard in Sweden or Spain.

—'Vitaglass' is the name of a new kind of glass that will transmit the ultra-violet rays so necessary for health. Ordinary glass is opaque to these ultra-violet rays. The value of a sun bath behind ordinary glass windows is largely a mental illusion. Special lamps giving the ultra-violet rays may now be had, but one may receive a severe sunburn from their use. A large proportion of the malformed bones and bent legs of our generation may be charged to the lack of ultra-violet rays.

### "APPLIED" SCIENCE

—Very few persons hold their own in a battle of tongues.

—One pair of fancy hose may take 333 silk worms to produce, but one worm working eight hour a day makes the payment.

—Thirty is a very nice age for a person, if that person happens to be forty.

—If rubber will grow in the Everglades, it might be used there for rubber boots.

—One can talk by telephone from New York to London as easily as from one part of New York to another. But the system may improve in time.

—Where you have plenty of space to park, there you do not care to park.

—The automobile figures run into millions, and so do the automobiles.

COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

### Miscellaneous

—A second parish for Negroes has been opened in Detroit. The Mount Olivet Lutheran Church in that city was purchased for the purpose. The pastor of the new congregation is the Rev. Norman A. Duckette, the Negro priest who was ordained some months ago for Detroit.

—Most Rev. Robert Seton, Titular Archbishop of Heliopolis, who died at Convent Station, N. J., on March 22, in his eighty-eighth year, was a grandson of Mother Seton, the convert, who established the Sisters of Charity in the United States and sanctified her widowhood in the religious state.

—Another Titular Archbishop has passed to his reward. Most Rev. J. F. Canevin, whose title was that of Pelusium, died in his seventy-fourth year, at McKeesport, Pa., on March 22. Archbishop Canevin received his training for the priesthood St. Vincent's Seminary, Beatty, Pa.

—Rt. Rev William T. Russell, who was appointed Bishop of Charleston, S. C., in Dec. 1916, died at the age of sixty-two on March 18. As pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Washington, D. C., before his elevation to the episcopate, the deceased inaugurated the Pan-American Mass on Thanksgiving Day, which has since become an annual affair.

—The J. J. Hill mansion, which was given to the archdiocese of St. Paul, has been converted into the



St. Paul Diocesan Teachers' College. The formal opening of the college will take place on June 20 with a six weeks' summer session for sisters only. A completely standardized teachers' course will be given to sisters who are teaching in grade schools. A competent faculty of priests, sisters, and lay teachers, with university degrees, has been secured. The certificates that shall be given by this new teachers' college will be recognized by the North Central Association, the University of Minnesota, and other institutions. This is a unique distinction, possibly without precedent, that one of our Catholic schools merits such recognition from its very inception.

—Despite the religious persecution now raging there, Mexico has issued a one-peso stamp, which, strange as it may seem in the light of the present hatred of all religion, depicts the Mass. The engraving is said to be a wonderfully clever piece of work, the details of which are very carefully worked out. We do not know of any other stamp that portrays the Holy Sacrifice.

—Forty colored converts were baptized at the close of a novena in St. Joseph's Church, Richmond, Va., some weeks ago. A class of twenty-five prepared to receive the waters of regeneration at Easter.

—The Catholic Truth Society of Oregon now has a large auto chapel car for visiting towns that have neither church nor priest. This auto chapel, which is mounted on a two-ton truck, measures 8 x 24 feet. The vehicle is equipped with a tent, collapsible chairs, motion picture machine, a stereopticon, batteries, kitchenette, etc. The total cost is about \$4,000, which is surely a moderate sum for a travelling church.

—Rev. Joseph Cataldo, S. J., who has been ministering to the Indians of the Northwest since 1865, celebrated his ninetieth birthday at Slickpoo, Idaho, on Mar. 17.

—This coming autumn the Sisters of the Holy Cross, whose mother house is at Notre Dame, Indiana, will send from the recently established mission house at Washington their first band of sisters to the Bengal Mission in India.

—During the past five years Khamos Amersha, a Syrian seminarian, posing as a priest, who has been traveling about in Canada, the United States, and Mexico, accompanied by his wife, has collected from priests and sisters more than \$100,000 under the pretext that it was for the starving Syrian children. His credentials appeared to be perfectly good, but they were forged. Both Amersha and his wife were arrested in Chicago on March 21.

—The former Knights' of Columbus home at Covington, Ky., which was converted into a Latin School for boys, was formally dedicated on March 27 by Bishop Howard, ordinary of the diocese. This school, which is an innovation in educational lines in the United States, was begun by Bishop Howard as an experiment. The experimental stage is now passed, the school has met with success from the first, and it has fulfilled all the hopes of its founder. All the boys of the Covington diocese, who have passed the sixth grade, are eligible. The selection is made through annual examinations. The object of the school is to give those boys who desire

a classical education an opportunity to begin their preparatory training at an earlier age than is customary in this country. The curriculum has been planned especially with a view to entry into the collegiate arts course.

## Benedictine

—After many years of bitter persecution of the Church in Portugal, a turn for the better took place during the year 1926. Conditions were so much improved that the episcopate could hold a plenary council with the papal nuncio present. Encouraged by this favorable change in the turn of affairs, the Benedictines of the Beuron Congregation are endeavoring to deepen the religious spirit of the people by means of a liturgical revival. Since November they have been issuing a monthly periodical under the name of "Opus Dei," which has the hearty approval of the episcopate and enjoys the support of the clergy. The editor and moving spirit of this very welcome publication is Dom Antonio Coelho, Prior of the monastery of Singeverga. The review, which is published at Braga, is essentially practical, but does not fail to let its readers know what liturgists owe to Dom Guéranger. It also devotes some pages to discussing new books. In this it aspires to follow the excellent lead of the "Revue Liturgique" of Louvain Abbey. May it prosper equally, not only in Portugal, but also in the vast land of Brazil, and other countries where Portuguese is spoken.

—Rev. Bonaventure Ubach, O. S. B., of the Priory of Sts. Benedict and Ephrem, at Jerusalem, narrowly escaped death at the hands of Bedouins not long ago. With two Arab guides he had gone to Transjordan to take photographs with which to illustrate a Catalan translation of the Bible. Suddenly the party was set upon by three armed Bedouins who expressed their intention of killing him. Through a ruse of the Arab guides this catastrophe was averted. The intended victim was finally permitted to go his way after he had been deprived of everything but his photographic films.

—At the Abbey School of Fort Augustus, Scotland, a Scoutmasters' Training Corps has been started to supply efficient and well-educated scoutmasters for Catholic troops.

—*Benedictus-Bote* (Messenger of St. Benedict) is the name of a popular, illustrated monthly in German that comes from the ancient Abbey of St. Peter, Salzburg, Austria. The first number is dated January, 1927. If we may judge by the contents and the make-up of the first three numbers, we have no doubt that the new monthly will find the favor it merits with all Catholics who can read German. The *Benedictus-Bote* contains thirty-two pages exclusive of the cover. The subscription price for foreign lands is five francs, about \$1.00 in our money.

—At the annual meeting of the North-Central Association, which was held in Chicago, March 15-18, St. Benedict's College, Atchison, Kansas, was admitted to the Association. This places St. Benedict's College on an equal footing with the leading secular institutions of the country.

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# Our Sioux Indian Missions

Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Our Sioux Indian Missions, which comprise three districts among the Dakota, or Sioux, Indians, were inaugurated in the '70's by the late Bishop Martin Marty, O. S. B., (d. 1896). As first Abbot of St. Meinrad Abbey Bishop Marty felt called to evangelize these children of the prairies. Ever since then St. Meinrad Abbey has furnished a number of priests for these missions. To take care of our missions properly we need more missionaries. Aren't there some latent vocations among our readers?

Father Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., whose headquarters are at Seven Dolores Indian Mission, takes care of the district assigned to him in North Dakota. His post office, express, and freight office is Fort Totten, N.D.

Fathers Pius Boehm, O. S. B., and Justin Snyder, O. S. B., are in charge of the district at Stephan, S. D., which is under the patronage of Mary Immaculate. Freight and express will reach them if sent to Highmore, S. D.

Father Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B., who founded St. Paul's Mission, at Marty, S. D., goes to Ravinia, S. D., to get freight and express.

## Seven Dolores Indian Mission

Father Ambrose writes that winter has laid a heavy hand upon all his parishioners and their children. First came the many trachoma operations, from which disease a great many were suffering, then the disastrous fire, then an epidemic of whooping cough, and now the hospital is filled to overflowing with measles and chicken pox patients. But little else can be expected in such a severe climate, where the people are so poor as not to be able to provide against the exigencies of the climate.

First, they are inadequately housed; then, many of them have little or no furniture; some must sleep on the ground in their cabins the year around; they haven't the proper food with which to fortify their bodies against the cold, and, were it not for the good missionary, to whom many people sent old clothing, they would have had little more than rags with which to cover their bodies. Father Ambrose estimates that he and the good Grey Nuns at his mission distributed over \$2000 worth of clothing this winter, thus relieving a great deal of want. But in the line of food this is not so easy. Food costs money, and people cannot send left-over foods as they can old clothing. What a godsend if they could! How many poor Indian families could subsist on the edibles our American housewives daily throw away!

Did any of our readers recognize the features of Father Sylvester Ei-

senman, O. S. B., the Indian missionary at Marty, S. D., who was caught by the camera at the Eucharistic Congress and was introduced to the public by *Extension Magazine* in its April number? See the picture at the bottom of page 14 of *Extension*.

## Seven Dolores Chapel

The accompanying picture of the pretty little Seven Dolores Chapel before the fire gives a good idea of what Father Ambrose and his earnest parishioners lost when the fire destroyed the House of God. No wonder they weep and lament and are inconsolable, for everyone knows, in these days of high building prices, how long it takes to gather up enough to build even a small house. Does it not wring the heart to look at this home of Our Lord, so beautiful in its white, pure simplicity, and then to think that it is now reduced to a mass of ashes?

Over 300 little Indians were wont to attend Holy Mass in this church. Over a hundred of them were daily attendants at Mass, and about fifty were daily communicants. Now these innocent hearts are no longer able to be united daily to their Lord, but languish away somewhere in their cold, cheerless cabins, scattered over the reservation.

Who helps to erect a home for the Lord of Heaven and earth, performs an act precious in the eyes of God—so precious, in fact, that none but He knows its value. He knows, too, how to reward it. Who helps to provide a house for God, will surely find a home with Him some day. No matter what vicissitudes befall, He never forgets. His Sacred Heart will enclose them, as in a tabernacle, and hover over them, and watch over them as tender objects of His solicitude.

## Immaculate Conception Mission

In order fully to appreciate the real hardship and sacrifice of a missionary's life, one has only to read all the accounts of their various comings and goings—long, fatiguing trips on sick calls—40 miles being quite the usual thing, over bumpy roads, often snow-covered, sometimes hub-deep in mud and water, in sweltering heat, choking dust, or wild maniac blizzards, such as only the Dakotas know how to "cook up."

His is no luxurious, Sybarite life, with time to burn. On the contrary, he has his hands so full that, were he in a city, the ministerial labors he performs would be divided among three or four priests. The prairie offers no conveniences; here one lives



Chapel of the Seven Dolores Indian Mission before the recent fire which destroyed convent, chapel, and school.

close to the soil; everything savors of the primitive. Distances are great, and travelling is far from comfortable. Yet the missionary embraces all these mortifications with joy, for the sake of the great treasury of souls waiting to be marked with the sign of salvation.

Father Pius Boehm is one of these pioneers; he is about to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. For forty years he has used one little house at Immaculate Conception Mission as a home. Mission buildings grew up around it, and were twice swept away by fire; then they grew up again, and a tornado destroyed them. But the heroic little house survived it all, and still stands to-day, an aged, tottering veteran, still doing duty as Father Pius' home. Whenever disaster swept away all his buildings like a pack of cards, he never thought of himself, or a newer, better home, in which he might rest after his long, strenuous day's labor. His first thought was to rebuild the school, church, and convent. The welfare of his flock meant more to him than his own comfort.

It would be a wonderful thing, if, on his fiftieth anniversary, a new home could be presented to him, where, in his ageing years, he might rest and keep warm during the severe winters, for the present building is scarcely any protection against the weather. Send donations to Rev. Father Justin Snyder, O. S. B., Immaculate Conception Mission, Stephan, Hyde Co., S. Dak.

### St. Paul Indian Mission

This mission, which Mother Francis Xavier calls "Marty, the wonderful," because it is situated at Marty, S. D., and because of its steady development, began, like the proverbial "grain of mustard seed," in 1922. Mother Xavier is from the mother house of the Blessed Sacrament nuns, who teach at St. Paul's Mission. She marvelled at the wonderful progress made at this Mission in the short time of its existence. The children, she said, though clothed from charity boxes, were all neat and tidy, and there did not seem to be any "misfits," due to the wonderful manipulation of the garments by the Sister who has charge of this department.

Sister St. John is her name, and her little army of boys, of whom she has charge, are always neat and clean. Nothing can give her more pleasure than to see the bundles of clothing coming in from benefactors; she sorts out these clothes, puts aside the garments and shoes for the little ones, and the larger sizes are saved for the older people. Not a day passes but several spring wagons drive up to the hitching rack in front of the Mission. They are poor Indians who come from all parts of the reservation to ask for old clothing.

Think of all the clothing being constantly discarded by people all over the United States! Styles change, and garments, often but slightly used, are thrown aside, and new ones purchased. If all these garments were gathered up into one huge pile, our western and north-western Indians would never need to suffer any more for want of sufficient clothing. Send on your old clothes!

### A Poor Little Mother Gone to Heaven

We print the picture of a poor little woman of nineteen—already the mother of three children! To look at her woe-begone expression, one can read the losing battle she fought with life. Poor child-mother! She has the eyes of one already gazing into Eternity while still here below. Our Lord took her, but a few weeks ago, to a place where there is no more labor or heart-ache, fatigue or exhaustion! But the poor babies! What of them? "If we only had a school of our own!" laments Father Ambrose, thinking with grief of the ruins back there, where the mission buildings used to be. The dead mother came from a large family of twelve, and her parents have all they can do to support their own numerous brood.

So they came over to Father, and begged him to find some place to put at least those children large enough to go to school. But alas! All the schools are filled to overflowing, and Father is helpless. He can do nothing. All he can do is to wait for the kind people, who read this, to come to the aid of these helpless ones, so deserving of aid.

### Another Sewing Machine

In last month's issue we told of two good people who generously sent brand new sewing machines to Immaculate Conception Mission, to replace the old one, which was about to fall to pieces, and on which it was almost impossible to do the sewing for the 105 pupils of the Mission. Now the girls are very happy because they can make their own dresses, and "it is such a pleasure to sew on them because they run so soft and easy," they say. Of course; what girl or woman has not felt the magic of making her own clothes on a bright, new, velvet-running machine? The good sisters are teaching these girls, and in so doing, are giving them a priceless gift, in that they will always know how to make their own garments, or earn a living by it.

But what about the old machine—the faithful old veteran that was always trying to fall to pieces? Did they discard it? No; even three machines are not enough for so many, so "old hippity-hop" must still do duty, until some more recruits join the mission sewing room. At least four more are needed.

Now we have a letter from Father Justin, saying that Mrs. Mary Hillenmeyer, of Lexington, Ky., is sending \$25.00 for the purchase of another machine. May God bless her; she is making a deposit in the Bank of Heaven, which will be returned to her with triple compound interest. Our Lord and His angels look down with particular tenderness upon souls who strive to help the poor—for in the poor we serve Christ Himself.

Many department stores and machine agencies advertise good, reconditioned machines for \$5, \$10, \$15, etc. These have been gone over thoroughly, and worn parts replaced, so that they will give years of good service. Anyone not able to purchase a new machine, may possibly be able to send one of these rebuilt ones, or, if unable to find machines at those prices in their own city, if they wish to send the money on to Clare Hampton,

(Continued on page 39)



An aged Indian couple that has just been tied for life. The priest in the group is Father Justin.



MY May, a month in will of vocation. The Our B secular feel a or to h them.

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AGNES BROWN HERING

**MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:**—As the month of May, which is dedicated to Our Blessed Mother, is also a month of special prayer that you may learn what calling in life God has in store for you, we hope that you will offer up many earnest prayers to find out your vocation.

There can be no doubt that God will give many of Our Boys a desire to become priests, either diocesan or secular, or priests of some religious order. Others will feel a longing to become brothers of a teaching order, or to be lay brothers in orders where other duties await them. The need is very great everywhere.

The Grace of God will also knock gently and perseveringly at the hearts of many of Our Girls too and draw them to the religious life. Many are the orders waiting for you to apply for admission. Does the care of the sick, of the old, of the young, or a life of prayer appeal to you? Does the classroom attract you? Is there some other work of charity or mercy that calls to you?

Every boy and young man that feels a religious vocation or a call to the priesthood, and every girl and young woman that thinks she has a vocation to the religious life, should pray fervently for the grace to persevere in that vocation, if it be of God. One cannot well be happy in later life, if, through his own fault, he has neglected to follow the vocation that was given him. Many have turned out badly because in youth they would not heed the voice that was speaking in their hearts, calling them to the service of God.

Pray fervently during May that you may know God's will and have the courage to follow it.

### Wisdom

My angel called, I heeded not—  
A little task was left undone;  
He called again, I heard him say,  
"By little things in Heaven won!"

Marie Hogarty, *St. Mary's Chimes*.

### Lost Vocations

Perhaps at Holy Communion, or during fervent prayer, or when reading a pious book, or at the sight of some good priest or religious, many a boy has heard the good Jesus gently knocking at the door of his heart and calling: "Come, follow me!" The Savior seemed to indicate that you were needed in the ranks of His army of priests, or in the cloister. Under similar conditions, too, many a girl has felt within her heart the desire to give herself entirely to God in the convent. But how many, alas! like the rich young man in the Gospel, have turned away sad, after the call had sounded in the ears of their spirit, and walked no more with Jesus, for they were building air castles amid pleasures and riches and honors in the world. These are lost vocations. Jesus meant it well, and He had many rich graces in store for those who would not heed the call, but He would not force anyone to accept His invitation. Read "The Song of the Lost Vocations," which follows, and think it over.

### The Song of the Lost Vocations

By "Nanky Poo" in the *Far East*

There's Tom, there's Dick, there's Harry  
Who'll graduate in June;  
And Minnie, Maude, and Mary  
Will get diplomas soon;  
And oh! our song is mirthless,  
For many a boy and girl  
Will take the toy that's worthless  
And spurn the peerless Pearl.

A "Song of the Lost Vocations"  
Is our sad song to-night,  
A song of the young folks' faces  
That turn from the one true Light;  
A song of the great possessions  
That will fetter souls to the last;  
Aye, a song of the eye of a needle  
Where no camel ever passed!

A "Song of the Lost Vocations"  
Is of many a lonely heart  
That knows too late that contentment  
Went with the better part;  
A song of the fightless fighters  
And the crowns that they did not win;  
Alas! for the lost vocations,  
And the saints that might have been!



A youthful Indian mother

The "Song of the Lost Vocations"  
Is of lost sheep unsought,  
Of little ones unrescued,  
And of nations left untaught;  
Of many a priestless deathbed,  
Of starving souls unfed,  
Of many a Host ungiven,  
And of many a Mass unsaid.

Of a wearying ukelele,  
And loud, unlovely laughter;  
Of the dance that started gaily,  
And the dismal morning after;  
Of a sad miscalculation—  
An exchange—and what came of it;  
The "Song of a Lost Vocation"  
Is—"Alas! What doth it profit?"

A "Song of the Lost Vocations"—  
A bitter song to-night;  
'Tis a song of the talent buried,  
And the hidden candle light;  
'Tis a song of the gifts ungiven,  
A song of the deeds undone,  
And of empty places in Heaven,  
And princely crowns unwon.

There's Tom, there's Dick, there's Harry,  
Who'll graduate in June;  
And Minnie, Maude, and Mary  
Will get diplomas soon;  
And oh! our song is mirthless,  
For many a boy and girl  
Will take the toy that's worthless,  
And spurn the peerless Pearl.

\* EDITOR'S NOTE:—This poem might be very effectively given at graduation exercises, or on some other occasion when there is public speaking.

### The Frisky Wind

The wind came tripping o'er the hills  
On a frolicsome venture bent;  
It danced, and skipped, and whirled about,  
With a shout wherever it went.

It blew the little pigs out of the pen,  
Away from their mother's side,  
And they became so hungry that  
They cried, and cried, and cried.

It whisked the baby birds from their nest,  
And tumbled them down in a heap,  
Right close to where lay pussy cat,  
With one eye fast asleep.

It took the brindle cow by the horns  
And shook and shook her head,  
And chased the baby calf around  
Until it was almost dead.

It blew the bees out of the trees,  
Down in the orchard lot,  
With never once stopping to look and see  
If they had honey or not.

The blue-eyed girl had a story book,  
And the pages it blew away,  
So she never found out what the princess did,  
Not even to this day.

It pulled the fish right off the hook  
Of a bonny little lad,  
Who tried in vain to catch one more—  
'Twas the only bite he had.

It raced and ran, and pranced about,  
Till the sun was in the west;  
And then it scampered home again—  
The place we all love best.

A. BROWN HERING

### Little Litany of Our Lady

Queen of every living, growing thing,  
Mother of eternal spring,  
Pray for us!

Queen of birds and bees and butterflies,  
Guardian of the summer skies,  
Pray for us!

Queen of autumn's golden harvest fruits,  
Pleaser of our hopeful suits,  
Pray for us!

Queen of winter stars and crystal snow,  
Now thy tender mercies show,  
Pray for us!

Marie Pendergast, in *The Labarum*.

### The Little Flower

S. M. T., O. S. B.

Sweet as the dream of a child asleep  
Since eighteen ninety-seven,  
Has been thy rest, dear Little Flower,  
Thy dust on earth, thy soul in Heaven.

Of hast thou graced the earth since then  
With music, joy and song,  
And incense sweet and melodies,  
And fragrance ling'ring long.

The cell thou dwelt in while on earth  
Has oft reechoed thy voice,  
Singing sweet songs from Paradise,  
Thy sisters on earth to rejoice.

Roses have fallen in showers profuse  
Since thou left us for God's great heaven.  
Boundless our joy that to thee, dear soul,  
The title of "Saint" have been given.

### LETTER BOX

(All communications for the LETTER BOX should be addressed to Agnes Brown Hering, Royal, Nebraska.)

We are glad to note that so many of our junior readers are taking a real live interest in the "Corner," which is set aside especially for them. This interest is shown in the numerous letters they are writing. The letters have, in fact, become so numerous that we have room for only a few of them at a time. Hereafter every letter will be acknowledged in the "Corner" under the heading "Honorable Mention," or "Fidelity Button Winners," with the name and the address of the writer, so that those who wish to do so may correspond with one another.

### Rules for Those Who Write

Write with pen and ink (or on typewriter) on one side only of paper. If you use pen and ink, be sure to write so that the editor can read your letter.

Leave a margin of one inch at the left edge of the paper, and one-half inch at the right edge.

Sign your name at right of paper, and age at left. Use correct English.

Take care not to misspell any words.

Dear Miss Hering:

This is my first letter I have written to the "Corner," although I have been reading it for almost a year. The first issues did not appeal to me, but now when I read it I find it interesting. I patiently was awaiting the arrival for the February issue because I am following up the stories called "Hidden Gold," and "Orphan Stella," now I am going to follow the story called "The Valentine." I always found the stories, which I previously mentioned, interesting, but I find the "Letter Box" most interesting of all.

I also read the magazines called "The Sacred Heart," and the "Victorian," they are also interesting magazines. I am very interested in meriting the "Fidelity Button," and will grasp the opportunity. I would indeed be very glad to show my classmates, and my teacher this Button. I am not only working for the "Fidelity Button" but also to become a "Cornerite," so that the other Cornerites may correspond with me.

Being a Newcomer I do not know what to write that would be interesting to all. Next time I will try and write you about my home and city, which is Chicago. Hoping to be accepted as a Cornerite and wishing to assure all Cornerites who wish to correspond with me that their letters will be answered, I am, Lillian Hoffrichter, 2318 Marshall Blvd., Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Aunt Agnes.

I would like very to become a "Cornerite," and hope you will help me. We have been receiving the Grail for a long time. I live in a small city, it is noted for Vassar College. I am twelve years old, in the sixth grade. The teacher I have is very nice, she belongs to the Dominican Sisters. She is very sick at the time. My father is the building inspector. I feel it is late now. I must close with love to all of the "Cornerites." John Brown, 7 Maple St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

In the October number of the Grail, I took note of the "Fidelity" Button plan and I wish to try for it. I have written a composition complying with the rules and I hope it will prove satisfactory.

Last summer our family spent their vacation at Rockaway Beach, Long Island, and it was there that the following event occurred.

One day my mother had to go to the city on some important matter, and I stayed at home with my younger sister. While sitting on the porch of our bungalow a messenger boy wearing a uniform of the Western Union Telegraph Company alighted from a bicycle and walked in our direction. He mentioned a name and asked if such a party lived there. I answered in the affirmative. He handed me a telegram and told me to sign my name on a slip of yellow paper. After doing so I handed him the slip and he left.

I did not open the telegram, for I never did open any of my mother's mail. Uncanny thoughts entered my mind. Could it be from my father who was on his way to Texas? Could it be from my brother who was ill in hospital? Perhaps, but I would wait and see.

It seemed as though my mother would never return from the city and we were kept in suspense. I held the envelope to the light but the paper inside had been folded and I could not read what it contained.

My mother arrived home late in the evening, due to a wreck on the trains. When we greeted her with a telegram she did not seem to look very happy. For when she glanced at the yellow envelope a worried expression came over her face. She dreaded opening the telegram as she always did have a horror of them.

As my mother began to tear the envelope open, my sister and I looked over her shoulders and much to our surprise we found it was from my uncle Jack who always found time for pleasure and inquired how was the cat and all the kitties.

Rita Theresa Coffey, 322 East 155 St., Bronx, New York City.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

This is the third time that, as convention would have it, "I take my pen in hand to write to you." Not having travelled since my return from Alaska, I have decided to tell you something about our own dear San Francisco. It has often been said, and with a considerable amount of truth, that visitors know more about any city or country which they tour than the inhabitants of the place. This may be so concerning statistical facts, but only a resident can really know the heart of a city, its ideals and what is often called its atmosphere.

San Francisco is the head of a peninsula. The Pacific Ocean on the West is met by the San Francisco Bay at the Golden Gate, immediately north of the city. San Franciscans never dispute the question when strangers claim that the Gate is not solid gold, but only plated. However, when the last rays of the setting sun illumine the water, the golden reflection is most convincing.

Market Street is the center of business. From the Ferry building at its eastern end to Twin Peaks in the heart of the city, the street is lined with stores. There are also several other business streets north of Market Street.

The Latin quarter is in the northern part of the city. There, clustered about picturesque Telegraph Hill, are the homes of Italians and Spaniards. One of the latest additions to this part of the city is the Art Institute, a splendid building for art students. It commands a panoramic view of the Bay of San Francisco.

The western portion of the city is chiefly residential. Beautiful homes, most of them planned in Spanish style architecture, have been built overlooking the bay and the ocean. The district where the old Mission Dolores was built by the Franciscan Padres is known as the Mission. South of Market Street are the large factories and manufacturing plants.

San Francisco has many beautiful public buildings. There are schools in all sections and several Catholic Academies and parochial schools. Playgrounds and parks are convenient. Golden Gate Park is the rendezvous for athletes, and for those interested in nature, music, (there is an outdoor grandstand where the band plays on Sunday afternoons) art, science and other pursuits. There is a splendid aquarium, an aviary, and horticultural gardens. Then, there is the quaint, realistic Japanese Tea Garden, where little maids from Japan serve tea, Japanese style, at oddly carved tables out-of-doors.

San Francisco is a decidedly cosmopolitan city. This is borne out by her interesting and attractive China town. There are many shops here, selling all sorts of Chinese curios, fine kimonos, carved ivories, teakwood furniture, and Chinese fruits, confections and novelties. At present, the Chinese Catholic Center is conducting a festival called the Feast of the Lanterns. The Oriental idea in decorative art is carried out. It promises to be very picturesque and artistic.

I do not wish to arouse the animosity of other Cornerites, by preferring San Francisco to any other city, however, I must express my feelings in this regard. I am sure much can be said of other cities if only those Cornerites who live in them would tell us something about them. This attempt has been called a sonnet, very brazenly and vainly, I admit, only because it follows the technical requirements of that form of poetry.

#### SONNET TO SAN FRANCISCO

Oh, stately mistress of the Golden Gate!  
Oh, lady, robed in hues of brightest day,  
Serenely gazing on thine own blue Bay.  
The empress of this far-famed western state!  
Thou, bearing blossoms rarest on thy pate;

Thou, wearing e'er thy robes in glad array;  
Thou, singing with the breezes soft that play;  
Thy children thank our Father for thy fate.  
The seed of Faith was planted in thy heart;  
The padres old have taught thee lessons true,  
Which thou hast cherished with a zealous love.  
And thou to us their lessons dost impart  
That we may learn, and, learning, labor, too;  
And merit then fore'er reward above.

Well, Aunt Agnes, there is still much to say about the City of Saint Francis. But the city is sleeping now, and so would I be. I might add a word about the weather, always a safe topic. We, like all of California, only have two kinds of weather: good and unusual. Just at present, the latter kind is holding sway. The wind and rain are vying with each other in their efforts to tear down the house, evidently. But the sun may be shining—per usual—tomorrow, so, let it rain, now. With this observation, I will come to a halt.

Best wishes to all the Cornerites, and to you, Aunt Agnes, I am, sincerely, Catherine Musante, 1821 Jones St., San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Aunt Agnes.

I am Bobsy. Yes, a little girl who would like to find a little place in your charming and helpful department.

I read with interest every letter in the February number and wrote to several cornerites hoping to come to know better your band of followers.

I suppose I should say something about my self to interest you. I had the great honor and pleasure of kissing the ring of His Holiness the Pope last summer. I often go to Rome. How many of the Cornerites have seen the Pope? I was greatly impressed by his imposing presence and the gentleness of his face. I visited the Vatican and made pilgrimages to Lourdes and Saint Lucas Shrine. I am going to the Holy Land some day soon. I think all of us should contemplate making a visit to that blessed spot where our Savior was born.

I am now at the High School of our State University, but I attended the Ursuline Academy for eight years and the Academy of Saint Anne Sisters of Mercy for two years. I think the sisters are wonderful teachers as well as motherly and fine in every way.

I may say that I am the little daughter of the lady who wrote "The Beggar Woman" in the December number of the Grail. My mother is a poetess and writer of fiction. My father is a professor at the University here.

Well I suppose this is all I shall say about myself. Hope to hear from my little new friends. Ask me about my travels and I shall be glad to tell you all about them.—I am seventeen years old.

Bobsy Marinoni, Villa Rosa, Fayetteville, Ark.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I enjoy reading the Grail, especially the Children's Corner.

I am ten years old and in the fourth grade. I do not go to a Catholic school as there is none in our town. We have catechism every Sunday after High Mass.

I would like to hear from some girls, about my age, I hope to see my name in the Corner.

Your new niece, Elmina Paquin, Box 70, Oklee, Minn.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I do not know if it is all right for me to address you in that manner but I will take a chance anyway. I would like very much to become one of your nieces and hope your answer will be favorable to me. My mother has been getting the Grail for several months and I am more than pleased with the letters sent in by the different members and to-day I have written to Veronica

Bednarek, and Alice Baker. I will be eighteen in August, I am a law stenographer in a downtown, New York, office and I promise to answer any and all letters sent to me by both girls and boys, any age. I am fond of all sorts of sports, both indoor and outdoor, and love to dance.

I do not want to tire you so I will end this letter now, but promise to write soon again.

Sincerely, Mary A. Downes, 25 Eastern Parkway, Jersey City, N. J.

### "Fidelity Button" Winners

Matilda E. F. Vesonder (age 14), 23 Patterson Ave., Duquesne, Pa.

Margaret Seguin (age 15), 16 Baby St., Sandwich, Ont., Canada.

Marvin Teague (age 15), 709 Wabash Ave., Evansville, Ind.

Harriett Suchowski (age 16), 1758 W. 18 St., Chicago, Ill.

Helen M. Charboneau (age 15), 149 Avery St., Mt. Clemens, Mich.

Mary Welling (age 17), 312 E. 12 St., Covington, Ky.

Mary Stenken (age 17), 343 E. 13 St., Covington, Ky.

Elmina Paquin (age 10), Box 70, Oklee, Minn.

Mary A. Downes, (age 17), 25 Eastern Parkway, Jersey City, N. J.

### Honorable Mention

Edward F. Mundy, Jr. (age 11), 2969 N. Bambrey St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Frances Ford (age 16), 2826 So. 16 St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Kathryn R. Byrn (age 16), 3159 Miller St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Ann E. Charbonneau (age 15), 142 Rathbone Ave., Mt. Clemens, Mich.

Mary Cecelia Roberts (age 16), 33 Brooks St., Mt. Clemens, Mich.

Edwin Welner (age 16), 557 Stockton St., San Francisco, Calif.

Laura Barrer (age 16), 4919 Hirsch St., Chicago, Ill.

Stanley Bronusas (age 11), 4521 So. Wood St., Chicago, Ill.

George Reynolds (age 15), 1755 Hopkins Ave., Norwood, Ohio.

### Exchange Smiles

"Jimmy," said the boss, "file these letters."

An hour later Jimmy reported:

"You told me to file these letters, sir; but wouldn't it do just as well if I trimmed them off with a pair of shears?"

Teacher—"What is the difference between *sufficient* and *enough*?"

Tommy—"Sufficient is when mother thinks it is time for me to stop eating pudding, and *enough* is when I think it is time to stop."

Marjory—"Mother, was you at home when I was born?"

Mother—"No, Marjory, I was at grandma's out in the country."

Marjory—"Well, wasn't you awfully surprised when you heard about it?"

There was a small boy named Hugh,

Who carefully slipped in the shoe

Of his pa a large tack—

And the small boy's back

Was afterward red, white and blue.—Selected

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## Our Sioux Indian Missions

(Continued from page 34)

3318 Virginia Ave., St. Louis, Mo., she will see to it that a good machine is sent, as the stores of St. Louis are continually advertising such machines. Of course, the freight would be around \$15, and must be prepaid.

Or some people may be unable to send the whole amount, but would like to contribute part of it. Such donations will be thankfully received.

## Will You Subscribe?

Why not inaugurate a brick fund for Father Ambrose? If 1000 readers pledged themselves to send \$1.00 a month for 20 months, Father would have \$20,000, enough to begin something with. If 2000 readers would pledge themselves—imagine Father Ambrose's feelings, if he had \$40,000 in his hands in 20 months' time! Don't you think he would be so happy his heart would be fit to burst with joy? And yet the joy is not for himself; a missionary's whole and sole joy is to see his projects for his beloved flock succeed. Of course, whoever could not afford \$1.00 a month, could pledge a smaller amount—you know what millions of tiny snowflakes can do in one night! Write for pledge tickets to CLARE HAMPTON, St. Louis, Mo.

## Babies Drink Sugar Water

There are families here so poor that in very, very many cases the poor mother has nothing more to give her infant than water sweetened with sugar! Imagine such a diet for a little child, who needs strengthening vitamins and fats to build up his little growing body! No wonder they fall a prey to disease and death so easily! Perhaps many of our readers would be more than willing to help these little babies get the milk they so urgently need. Suppose each reader sent two cans of milk each, what a little expense it would be to the reader, but what a concourse of cans would make their appearance at Fort Totten! And then good Father Ambrose could, in the course of his many sick calls, distribute these "cans of health" to the needy babies, and thus save their poor little bodies from disease. Other groceries will be welcome too, as the average family subsists on the very poorest fare—just whatever they are able to purchase with the few cents that occasionally come their way.

Many people who send old clothing, may be glad to roll in some cans of milk, or beans, or rolled oats, or coffee, in the bundle. Now is housecleaning time; we are emptying the house from cellar to attic. How many things we will find which might be useful for Our Missions. Send them on; some poor family may be in need of just the article you intend to throw away. Let us always have Our Missions in mind, and never forget that far in the Northwest, living lives of which we do not dream, are people whose existences are often so miserable that death comes as a welcome release from their sufferings. AND—don't forget the poor little babies and the milk of which they are deprived!

## Are You Interested in the Conversion of the Jewish People?

The following notice is intended especially for such as live among Jews or in Jewish environments.

In 1903 a few pious souls of the diocese of Paris united in prayer for the conversion of God's once Cho-

sen People—the "Jewish race." They were inspired, no doubt, by the fervent prayer which is addressed to God by the Church on Good Friday: "Let us pray also for the perfidious Jews; that our Lord God will withdraw the veil from their hearts; that they also may acknowledge our Lord Jesus Christ." No less did the miraculous conversion of the Ratisbonne brothers, Marie Theodore and Marie Alphonse, the latter of whom had an apparition of our Blessed Mother in 1842, contribute toward the formation of such a society. In August, 1907, Pope Pius X raised this primitive organization to the rank of an Archconfraternity. Centers were then established in several parts of the world, but the headquarters of the Archconfraternity for the Conversion of the Jews, in the United States, are at the Convent of Our Lady of Zion, 24 E. Armour Blvd., Kansas City, Mo.

Notice is hereby given that the annual novena of Masses for the conversion of the Jewish People throughout the world will take place from June 16 to June 24th; hence, the members of the Archconfraternity are requested to read, or have read, one Holy Mass "for the Lost Sheep of the House of Israel" and send notification of same to the center mentioned above.

We also direct such as are interested in the regaining of God's once Chosen People to write for information to the Convent of Our Lady of Zion, at the address given above. The Sisters of this community will gladly send out literature, written by the "Catholic Guild of Israel" especially for enlightening Catholics themselves on the Jewish question, and for explaining Catholic doctrine to this particular class outside the true fold. All questions will be cheerfully answered.

(Signed) A Member of the Archconfraternity.

## Orphan Stella

(Continued from page 13)

Madam, a mother to Stella that she may enjoy the ease and plenty which she has never known and which ought to be her rightful portion.

"If her real mother is now in Heaven, watching over her child, she will not fail to call down God's choicest blessings on your head."

Choked with sobs, poor Donato ceased to speak, while a torrent of tears flowed from his eyes.

Mme. de Lussey was deeply moved. "If it were possible," she said, "for you to support Stella and procure all she needs in her present state of weakness and secure for her a happy existence in the future, I would never ask you to give her up to me; but you can realize yourself the impossible position in which you are placed, and put her happiness and welfare before your own personal affection, and prove to Stella that you put her welfare and interest before your own."

Rising from her chair, more affected than she cared to show, Mme. de Lussey went to her desk, and writing a cheque for 500 pounds, handed it to Donato.

For the first moment he was stunned at the amount. Then drawing himself up proudly he exclaimed, "I do not sell my adopted child, Madam, I give her to you, because I am convinced that she will find in you a real mother. Yes," he went on, making a violent effort to overcome his grief, "I abandon her to you, because you are more worthy to bring up such an angel than I am. As to the fortune you have so generously bestowed on me, I accept it only as a gift from your bounty."

Mme. de Lussey rang the bell and James appeared looking anxiously at his mistress.

"Take this gentleman to the dining room and give him a good meal. After that drive him in my carriage to his dwelling, and bring back to me the little girl he will give into your care."

James bowed his head in token of assent, the occurrences of the past two days having left him under the impression that he was suffering from nightmare. Heaving a deep sigh, he left the room in silence, making a sign to Donato to follow him.

As soon as she was alone Eliane threw herself on her knees. "My God!" she exclaimed, "I feel I shall love this poor child with all my heart, but, alas, will she love me?"

(To be continued)

## Abbey and Seminary

—The solemn and impressive services of Holy Week and Easter, which we are fortunately always able to carry out in detail, have again been chronicled on the pages of history. These beautiful and inspiring ceremonies are not merely for the instruction and edification of the community and the seminary, but they are well attended also by the faithful of the local parish. The Pontifical ceremonies at the blessing of the palms, and again at Mass and the ceremonial washing of the feet of twelve students on Holy Thursday, at the Mass of the Presanctified on Good Friday, and at the glorious Mass on Easter, add much to enhance the solemnity. It is a pity that so few of the Catholics of the world have the opportunity to attend all the significant and impressive ceremonies of Holy Week.

—Beautiful weather and excellent roads lured many forth from the cities to attend solemn Easter services at the Abbey Church.

—As usual there was an exodus of priests of the community and deacons of the seminary who left to help out through Holy Week and on Easter.

—At early Mass on the feast of St. Joseph Father Abbot conferred the minor orders of ostiary and lector on Fr. Theodore, a cleric of the Abbey. The orders of exorcist and acolyte were given on the following day.

—March 21, the feast of St. Benedict, patriarch of the monks of the West and founder of the Order that bears his name, is always welcomed with joy. Father Abbot celebrated the Pontifical High Mass and Father Columban preached the festive sermon. The first Ves-

pers of the feast, on the day previous, and the second Vespers, on the feast itself, were celebrated by Father Benedict, whose patron feast it was.

—Rev. Joseph Sullivan, a theologian of the Seminary, who is studying for the diocese of Corpus Christi, was called to Indianapolis in March to receive from the hands of his Bishop, Rt. Rev. Emmanuel Ledvina, the diaconate. Bishop Ledvina happened to be passing through Indiana at the time.

—Mr. Anton Simon, for many years a prominent and highly respected citizen of Vincennes, was called to his reward on March 27. Father Abbot celebrated a Pontifical Requiem Mass at the funeral. Fathers Columban and Hilary were also present as representatives of the Abbey. Rev. Eugene A. Simon, class of '04, is the eldest son of the deceased. In the death of Mr. Simon, who always contributed very liberally to charity, we have lost a generous benefactor. R. I. P.

—Rev. Norbert (Charles) Stricker, O. S. B., class of '86, who entered the Benedictine community at St. Martin's Abbey, Lacey, Washington, some years ago, was solemnly professed on St. Benedict's Day, March 21. Father Norbert is professor of moral theology, church history, and sacred scripture at Lacey. Twelve years of his priesthood, immediately after ordination, were spent in the diocese of Vincennes, now Indianapolis. Going hence to the West, Father Stricker remained twenty-four years in the diocese of Lincoln. Feeling a call to the peace of the monastic cell, he went to the Pacific Coast and sought admission at St. Martin's, where he is now a full-fledged monk. Congratulations!

—Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., Indian missionary at Stephan, S. D., Rev. James Pfeiffer, pastor at St. Wendel, Indiana, and Rt. Rev. Mgr. Simon Weisinger, pastor of St. John Evangelist Church, Columbus, Ohio, will have been fifty years in the priesthood on May 28. At the time of finishing their course the class numbered twelve. *Ad multos annos!*

—In the class of '02—twenty-five years ago—the following were ordained to the priesthood: Rev. Isidore Maenner, O. S. B., chaplain to the Benedictine Sisters at Ferdinand; Rev. Peter Killian, for the diocese of Indianapolis; Rev. John Rhein, for Covington; Rev. Carl Weber, for Concordia; Rev. Henry Alberg, for Belleville; Rev. Albert Wuchter, for LaCrosse; Rev. John Murphy, for Peoria. The latter was afterwards transferred to the Archdiocese of Boston, his native city. His activity in the vineyard of the Lord was cut short, however, by an early death. To the jubilarians a happy *ad multos annos!*

## Book Notices

Those who are acquainted with Book One of "Teacher Tells a Story" will heartily welcome Book Two, by the same author, Rev. Jerome D. Hannan, D. D. Benziger Brothers are the publishers. Children remember stories and always want another, a new one. Book Two supplies the teacher with 175 more, illustrating the Apostles' Creed and prayer. Part Two, which is a volume of 352 pages, gives further help to the teacher of the "Religion Hour." Price \$2.00.



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Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

## Hidden Gold

### CHAPTER XI

JASPER VALENS—PHILANTHROPIST

WHEN "Eleanor" had gone, Madame went to the kitchen to make herself a cup of strong coffee, for she was quite weak and unnerved, and felt she needed a stimulant. Having closed and locked the door on her unwelcome visitor, she heaved a sigh of relief, and hoped she was well rid of her, but hardly had she sat down to the table with her steaming cup before her, but there was another ring on the bell. Irritably throwing down her spoon, she arose and tiptoed out into the hall to see who it was. Sure enough; there, through the filmy lace of the door curtain, were the familiar head and shoulders of the woman who had the power to make her quake with fear. For a moment she hesitated, half deciding to let her stand and ring all day if she had a mind to, but, on second thought, determined it would be best to find out what was wanted before Jasper arrived. For he would soon be coming. So she opened again, and the woman stepped in.

"I was thinking, Cynthia," she began, without preamble, "that as I am a stranger in the city, I would have difficulty in cashing this check. So I have decided to ask you for currency."

"But I haven't that much in the house," protested Madame.

"Get it at the bank then." Madame gave her a look that spoke volumes.

"Very well! I'll meet you there to-morrow." But Eleanor shook her head.

"I don't care to be seen there with you. You'll have to get it yourself and I'll meet you somewhere—or I'll call here for it."

"No! Don't come here. I'll meet you at the corner of Eighth and Forest Streets to-morrow morning at eleven. Now you'd better go; my husband will be here in a few minutes." The words were spoken crisply, with no "love lost" on either side, and Madame almost closed the door on top of her visitor, in her eagerness to be rid of her. For the rest of the afternoon Madame was so irritable as to be absolutely unapproachable, and woe to anyone who made a mistake in his work! Her heart was a fiery volcano which con-

sumed every good, kind, or peaceful feeling she ever had; the fire roared and raged, and so absorbed was she in her unhappy thoughts that every noise made her start and every question rasped upon her.

Jasper alone approached her unafraid; his greatness of soul enveloped her in a mantle of pity and charity; "poor soul," he inwardly commented, "she is her own worst enemy," and received her sarcastic shafts and merciless innuendoes, as it were, on a cushion of understanding, unperturbed. He was kinder than ever, and when one kind act had no other effect than to call down a shower of edged words, he would try another. To Maud alone she was silent; while not demonstrating any affection, yet, she showed her no malevolence, only a cold sort of civility.

Sunday morning came, and Madame refused to arise as usual for Mass, when Jasper gently awoke her.

"I'm not going," she said curtly.

"But, why, my dear? Do you feel ill?"

"No; no reason. Just not going; that's all." Jasper began to feel a little uneasy.

"You mean, not to this Mass. You'll go to a later?"

"No! I'm not going at all! Not ever any more!"

And she buried her face in her pillow. Her husband was more concerned than ever. He approached and knelt beside her, taking her hand.

"What is it, dear? Something has happened, hasn't it? Tell me—come, tell your old husband. Out with it; nothing is so bad but it could be worse." Silence for a long time. Then she pushed him away.

"It's nothing, I tell you. Go away and let me sleep. I wish I could sleep forever. No—don't ask me. Religion is not for such as me, that's all. Just take Maud and don't mention the subject to me any more." And leaving Jasper standing there aghast, she again buried her face, nor could he pry another word out of her. Sadly he dressed, and wondered what had come over her. While she had never been assiduous in the practice of her adopted religion, she had never yet refused to fill the Sunday obligation, and this sudden lapse frightened her husband in the extreme. He had always hoped at some future time to win her around to frequent communion, but now this hope faded, and alarm for her salvation succeeded it.

"Isn't Madame coming?" queried Maud, as Jasper appeared downstairs.

"No, dear. We must pray very hard for her; I fear something is preying on her mind," was all the ex-



planation he gave. When the Mass was ended, he sent Maud home alone, and remained for all the rest of the Masses, which were held up to noon. God alone knew what prayers were poured out that morning for Madame's tortured soul—and every succeeding Sunday morning, for the habit, once begun, was never relinquished by Jasper until years later—but that is getting ahead of the story.

"Where's Jasper?" queried Madame when Maud returned alone.

"He's staying for all the Masses." Madame put her hands to her head.

"The old fool! What's he doing that for?"

"He's praying for you, Madame," said the child innocently.

"For me!—wh—" but a sudden catch in her throat stopped the flow of speech, and she turned away. "God knows, I need it!" she muttered to herself, hastily leaving the room, "but what's the use? There's no help in a case like mine!" And picking up a magazine, she flung herself into a chair, and strove to shake off her despair by reading.

A few days later, Jasper sat reading his newspaper in the evening, when a paragraph attracted his attention.

#### BANKER FOUND DROWNED

James Burnell's body found floating on current down Mowbrey River.

Interested, he read on, slowly straightening up and laying down his pipe. "By Jove!" he ejaculated, bringing his fist down on the table. "I believe that is the same fellow! It's just about the address, as I remember it." Madame looked up from her magazine, wondering what it was all about.

"What address?" she asked, wondering vaguely if it were any new kind of painful surprise for herself, for most anything had the power to startle her these days.

"Oh, a fellow who gave me a bedroom set for the orphanage. His wife had just died, and he had one little boy. Now he has been found drowned—that is, if it is the same man. I wonder where the little boy is?"

"Oh," said Madame, relieved, returning to her magazine. Jasper refilled his pipe, lit it, and then sat staring thoughtfully into space for a long time. Suddenly, both were startled by a ring on the doorbell. Madame leaped up, uneasy, and started off to answer it herself, lest it be "the nemesis" again. But Jasper prevented her, quietly, but firmly enough.

"You shouldn't answer the door in the evenings, my dear. You never can tell who it is—especially since that woman was prowling around. I'll see who it is." Not to betray the fear which dwelt constantly in her heart, she was obliged to obey, and sat down again limply beside the table. It was a man's voice, and Jasper was inviting him into the living room.

"I'm Selden, of Young and Selden, Attorneys. I suppose you've read of the finding of Mr. Burnell in the river?"

"Yes; I did."

"Well, we've been his attorneys for years. He made a will some years ago, before his wife died, but no new one since then. We were always after him to make another, but he always said there was time enough. Now it develops that he had been playing heavily in Wall Street, and his brokers report that he has been practically wiped out. In his safety deposit box at the bank we found this letter." Jasper took the sheet and read:

"To Whom It May Concern:—

In case of death or accident to me, kindly notify the philanthropist,  
Mr. Jasper Valens,  
2618 Lincoln Ave.

I hereby give him entire charge and care of my son, James Burnell, Jr., knowing that he will carry out my wishes to the letter. I desire that my son may join the Catholic Church, according to his deceased mother's wishes, and receive a good Catholic education. Mr. Valens will remember my speaking to him on the subject a little while back.

(Signed) James Burnell."

After reading the letter, Jasper could not help smiling.

"Mr. Burnell pays me too great a compliment. I should hardly call myself a philanthropist—unless I might amend it to 'penny philanthropist'. I used sometimes to give the children pennies." The lawyer bowed and smiled.

"I am sure he must have known exactly what sort of philanthropist you are, or he would never have entrusted to you the care of his son. Am I to understand, then, that you accept the responsibility?" Jasper rubbed his cheek meditatively.

"Well—since the welfare of a child is in question, I cannot do anything else but accept. You see, the father's implicit confidence in me—knowing me as he did, only by hearsay, sort of puts me on my mettle—I must not fail him. Yes; I will take charge of the boy—poor little orphan."

"Very well; and I feel sure, Mr. Valens, that you will do your best for him. The child is with neighbors now."

"How old is he?"

"Eleven, and as bright and smart a boy as ever was. I've seen him a number of times, and I must say he is both well-trained and well-dispositioned. From what I have known of him, he seemed docile, polite, and very responsive to kindness." A few more words, and he was gone. Jasper returned to his place at the living room table.

"Well, what do you think of it Cynthia?" he asked.

"Think of what?" she replied, purposely misunderstanding his meaning.

"Why, this boy. What would you think of taking him into our home?"

"Now there you go! I knew it! Every time an orphan bobs up somewhere, you are for adopting him. We have Maud; that is enough."

"But she is so alone; she ought to have a brother or a sister to keep her company. Now, evidently this boy comes of good stock; his home is on Elmore



Street, and, you know, the better class of people reside there."

"That makes no difference to me, one way or the other. I don't want any more children in the house."

"Cynthy—" pleaded her husband, "wouldn't you like Maud to have a playmate? With the two of us earning money, we would hardly notice the expense. Won't you think it over and give me your answer in the morning?"

"I tell you, I can't have any more children around here. I must have it quiet; my nerves are beginning to go bad on me, and a noisy boy would be more than I could stand. No; don't ask me any more. Bring him down to your orphanage. You can watch over his welfare there as well as here; you almost live down there anyway as it is." Argue as he would, Jasper could not move her, although he suddenly realized that there was nothing he would like more than to have a son of his own.

He did not give up hope however; next day he went with the lawyer to the neighbor's house where Jimmie Burnell was staying, and an hour later, he was entering the Salon with Jimmie in tow.

"Here he is, Cynthy. Isn't he a handsome lad?" Madame looked him over dubiously. Jasper motioned the boy to a chair and spoke low to his wife.

"A banker's son?" she asked. "Has he any money?"

"Not a cent. You heard the attorney say his father was wiped out by Wall Street speculations. But what difference does that make?"

"A lot. You never know how they turn out."

"How has our Maudie turned out?" he countered.

"That's different. Maud is my—Maud is—is different from other children. You can see that she comes of good stock." Jasper smiled, not noticing the slip Madame had made, and spoke low and tenderly.

"And yet you didn't want her, my dear. Come, let me have him, my dear, and I will buy you anything you like. What shall it be? A great, beautiful white colie this time?" But Madame compressed her lips and shook her head determinedly.

"No, no, and no again. I tell you I cannot have another child about. If you must know the truth, I want Maud to inherit everything I have, and I won't hear of dividing it. And it wouldn't be just to cheat the other child if there were one." Jasper looked down at the floor, while he meditatively scraped some clippings of cloth together with the toe of his shoe. It was wonderful, to him, how Madame had changed with regard to Maud. Would it not be best, he mused, now that love was working this transformation within her, to leave well enough alone? Might not he spoil everything by rudely stepping in and trying to force matters?

"I would like to send him away to school," he continued, meditatively, "but I fear the expense would be a little beyond me. If he lived with us, he could go to day school, and I could easily manage that. You see, it is a sacred trust. I must carry out the father's will."

"You will be carrying it out if you place him at the orphanage, won't you? He will get a good Catholic education there."

"Yes, but I don't think the father meant for me to place him in an orphanage."

"What does he expect? You're not a millionaire. Perhaps he thought you were. But since you're not, that excuses you."

After thinking over matters thoroughly, Jasper finally decided there was no other way out but to send Jimmie over to the St. Joseph's Sisters. He well knew how carefully the good nuns would bring him up, and, he told himself, when he had finished his grammar school education at the orphanage, he could always send him away to a higher school, if he so wished. He would try to save some money against that time, or perhaps get another small set of books to keep for someone. After a great deal of talking, Madame at last conceded that the boy might come to their home for holidays and occasionally of a Sunday, if the Sisters would permit this arrangement.

Sister Helena saw him coming, and hastened to open the door.

"Sister Elsa Marie, you're getting company," she called, into the community room. "It's Mr. Valens, and he has a little guest with him." The Superior arose with a smile and went to meet her visitors.

"You are the third to-day," she told him. "Is this young man coming to us?" Jasper nodded. "He will be our fifth pupil then." After a conference between Jasper and the nun, in which he told her all about the boy, and obtained her permission to take him home occasionally, she took the boy by the hand.

"Very well, James; come to the schoolroom now. I hope you will be very happy with us."

"Yes ma'am," replied James politely, a little shy and backward.

When Jasper was taking his leave, the Superior accompanied him to the door. She seemed very happy about something.

"I am bursting to tell you the news. I was hoping you'd come every day this week so I could tell you; I know you'll be as glad as I am. About a week ago a lady rang our bell and Sister called me. 'I hear you are opening an orphanage in this house,' she said. 'The butcher at the corner told me. Is it true?' 'Why yes,' I replied. 'We buy our meat from him.' 'Then I wish to make you a gift.' And what do you think? She handed me five hundred dollars in bills! Isn't it wonderful? We won't have to worry about our expenses for a little while anyway."

(To be Continued)

## Coventry Patmore's Daughter

Coventry Patmore, the "poet of love," was an Englishman who, brought up without any religion himself, married the daughter of a Congregationalist minister. He wrote beautiful spiritual verse, and called his wife, a lovely, gentle creature, "The Angel in the House." Their married life was beautiful and harmonious, which is more than can be said of many poets and geniuses. Gradually, Patmore began to lean toward the Catholic Church, drawn as he was by all things beau-

tiful and spiritual, while his wife dreaded this tendency in him, brought up as she was in horror of anything that savored of "Romanism."

There were six children, the third of which was Emily, of whom this short sketch treats. Even as a child, she had deep spiritual notions, and even before any of the family were Catholic, she used to walk up and down a room in reverent contemplation, pretending she was a nun! Her mother died three years later, without having become converted, but since she was always deeply religious, and in her husband's and children's eyes, without fault or stain, Emily always felt that she was one of God's unnumbered saints.

After her death, the children were scattered at various schools, until their father's remarriage. His health failing, he went to Italy, where a good convert lady, Miss Marianne Byles, helped to remove his prejudices and he too became a convert to Catholicism. Later, he married her, and the children were brought home and welcomed their stepmother with spontaneous affection. Shortly after, the children, too, became Catholics, and then it was that Our Lord found another lover in the ardent person of Emily Patmore.

She was sent to a convent boarding school, and it was here that her lovely spiritual qualities were cultivated. It was conducted by nuns of the Society of the Holy Child, and before she was finished with her course there, she had heard the call of God to the religious life, and her only longing was to respond as soon as possible. She spoke to her father of her desire, but, though he was willing for her to follow her vocation, he wished her to be perfectly certain, and insisted that she wait until her twenty-first birthday. Accordingly, when she was graduated, he took her on a round of pleasures, in order that she might "see the world," and determine whether her vocation was genuine. But the world never attracted her; though she was beautiful and agreeable, never mournful or sanctimonious, she constantly felt her soul being drawn toward her Beloved.

Accordingly, her father took her to the Convent at St. Leonard's, her old boarding school, where she was admitted as a postulant. From then on her life flowed on in a lovely, untroubled stream. She took as her name, Sister Mary Christina, and was so constantly absorbed in God, that she often found it difficult to keep order among her school children. They knew her for a gentle, loving soul, and took advantage accordingly. Her wish, on her reception day, was "that she might run a long course in a short time," which was indeed fulfilled. She died in her twenty-ninth year, a model of all virtues, a lovely, consecrated Lily of Christ, and was survived by her father and family.

## A Livable Living Room

When we say living room nowadays, most of us visualize a room containing the inevitable three-piece overstuffed set, a piano, floor lamp and rug. Some living rooms are so plain and severe as to be absolutely uncomfortable. Many housewives, in their effort to get

away from the antiquated style of overloaded rooms, cluttered with useless bric-a-brac, vases, sidetables of fancy china pieces, and walls littered with countless pictures, have gone to the other extreme, and permit only a few formal pieces in their living rooms, leaving gaping, "wide open spaces," which give an impression of desolation and discomfort. The mantel above the brick fireplace is permitted a clock, or one single ornament, and the walls are entirely bereft of pictures.

While a cluttered-up room gives one the impression of "stiffness," yet, on the other hand, the room should not be left so severely plain as to be uninteresting. Nothing so adds to the hominess of a living room as a center table with an interesting old brocade or tapestry runner, a few books between well-designed book ends, a bowl of wax, or fresh, flowers, and a candlestick or two. The bowl should be some odd piece, chosen for its pleasant color or artistic manufacture; the candlesticks, rich old silver or beautifully tinted and moulded glass; and if the flowers are artificial, let them be as natural-appearing as possible.

A bookcase near the fireplace, or on either side of it, if there are no built-in ones, changes the atmosphere of the room at once. A hearth rug and a bench before the fireplace, lend coziness, while a few well-chosen ornaments, a bowl, a vase, a small bronze statue, or a lamp on an end table, will do much to transform the place. If there are no gas logs, and there is no flue to the fireplace, three real logs on a pair of andirons will chase away that "vacant" look, and the chairs need not match at all. In fact, to do away with the overstuffed formality, four odd chairs, each upholstered differently, may be used, and if there is still room, a small settee of independent design may be found in the stores to-day and can be purchased to fill in a long wall.

A new note is to have the window drapes match the upholstery on one or two chairs, and while designs are still used in rugs, the best authorities favor the plain two-tone rugs, with light center and darker border. Of course, we must not forget lamps as a decorating factor, and two or three of them, well-placed in a living room, cannot fail to make a charming ensemble together with the afore-mentioned suggestions.

## The Secret of Abundant Life

"Keep active and live long," advised a centenarian recently. "Don't fold your hands and sit down and resign yourself to a useless old age. Keep busy, happy, keen, alert, interested, and stave off senility." That is one recipe. Here is another, given by a hale, hearty, young girl of eighty:

"Love and service is my motto for long life; all my life I have served others; never have I been waited upon, and I never hope to be. Love is the motive power of service, the mainspring of life, and the lubricator of hearts. Anger and worry burn out the heart, but love and service leave no room for these."

In other words, love and kindness are easy on the body, health, nerves, the mind. Everyone knows that violent anger exhausts the body, and continual anger

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does violence to health and nerves, in time making a thin, nervous wreck of the person afflicted. On the other hand, ministering to the wants of others—the poor, the unhappy, the sick, the miserable, is a sovereign remedy for one's own troubles and worries. To run away from one's own troubles, injuries, and unhappinesses, and help others, is to find inevitably that there is always someone else whose troubles are greater than our own. Steadfastly to refuse to think troublesome, hateful, angry, unhappy thoughts, and to direct these thoughts to helping others, is to win a strange, new happiness for ourselves—"the peace that passeth understanding," the reward of the soul that refuses to think anything but good things.

The two recipes for longevity are best combined, it would seem—activity and loving service. Ease, luxury, laziness, bring softness and inability to combat anything—either sin, disease, or unhappiness. The person of leisure has too much time to think of fancied wrongs, imaginary maladies, and long-remembered injuries. While the active person who loves to serve, scorning self-pity and laziness, will find abundance and full satisfaction in life. The unused machine soon becomes a rusted mass.

### Household Hints

Violin or mandolin strings are useful for stringing heavy beads.

Keep paraffin in a clean tin box with lid; then if it melts in the summertime, it will not matter. It can also be set upon the stove when needed, to melt, and when finished, just let cool, cover, and put away again.

Paste the small piece of toilet soap onto the new bar, and there will be no waste.

If the garden hose leaks slightly, paint the small cracks with automobile roof paint, and the leaks will disappear.

Save the good parts of colored silk hose; they have many uses; to dress small dolls, to make flower clusters, (with a touch of green), to underlay holes or worn places in fine darning, to make fancy cushions, etc.

Borax in the washing water will keep white silk from turning yellow.

Wrap wilted vegetables in a newspaper after wetting thoroughly, and set in a cool place for some hours. They will become fresh and crisp.

Silk lampshades may be cleaned by rubbing down with a sponge wet with thick, white-soap suds; rinse with another sponge wrung out of warm water. Do not use water enough to run, nor press too hard on the silk.

Do your mending on the sewing machine; use embroidery hoops to keep holes and worn places stretched while darning. The finished work is very neat and done twice as fast as by hand.

### Recipes

**HAM AND POTATOES BAKED IN MILK:** Obtain a half-inch thick slice of raw ham and place in baking dish. Cut four medium-sized potatoes in halves lengthwise

and place around ham. Pour in enough milk to cover ham, and dust potatoes with salt and pepper. Bake slowly until tender, adding more milk if necessary from time to time. Lift out potatoes and ham, thicken milk, adding a little chopped parsley and serve.

**FROZEN STRAWBERRIES:** Pick over and wash two quarts of strawberries. Add four cups sugar and three cups boiling water and boil 12 minutes, skimming while cooking. Rub through a sieve, cool and fill one pound baking powder cans with mixture. Pack in equal parts ice and salt, and let stand for four hours.

### Needlework Design

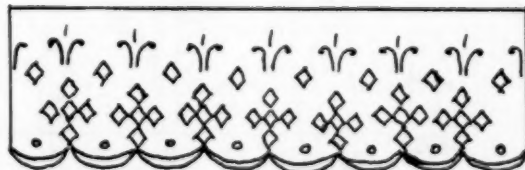
New pillow slip designs are always in order. We give three of them this month. No. 1, is violet; No. 2, field flowers; and No. 3, conventional design. Many prefer embroidering them in white, because of the necessity of boiling so often, and one need not be apprehensive of colors running. However, boil-proof silks and flosses may now be obtained, which will permit of the use of beautiful colors on the pillow cases, and still stand the test of the sterilization process on wash day. Paper patterns, 15¢ for each design. Address CLARE HAMPTON, 3318 Virginia Ave., St. Louis, Mo.



NO. 1



NO. 2



NO. 3

